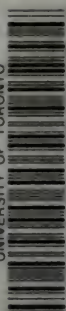
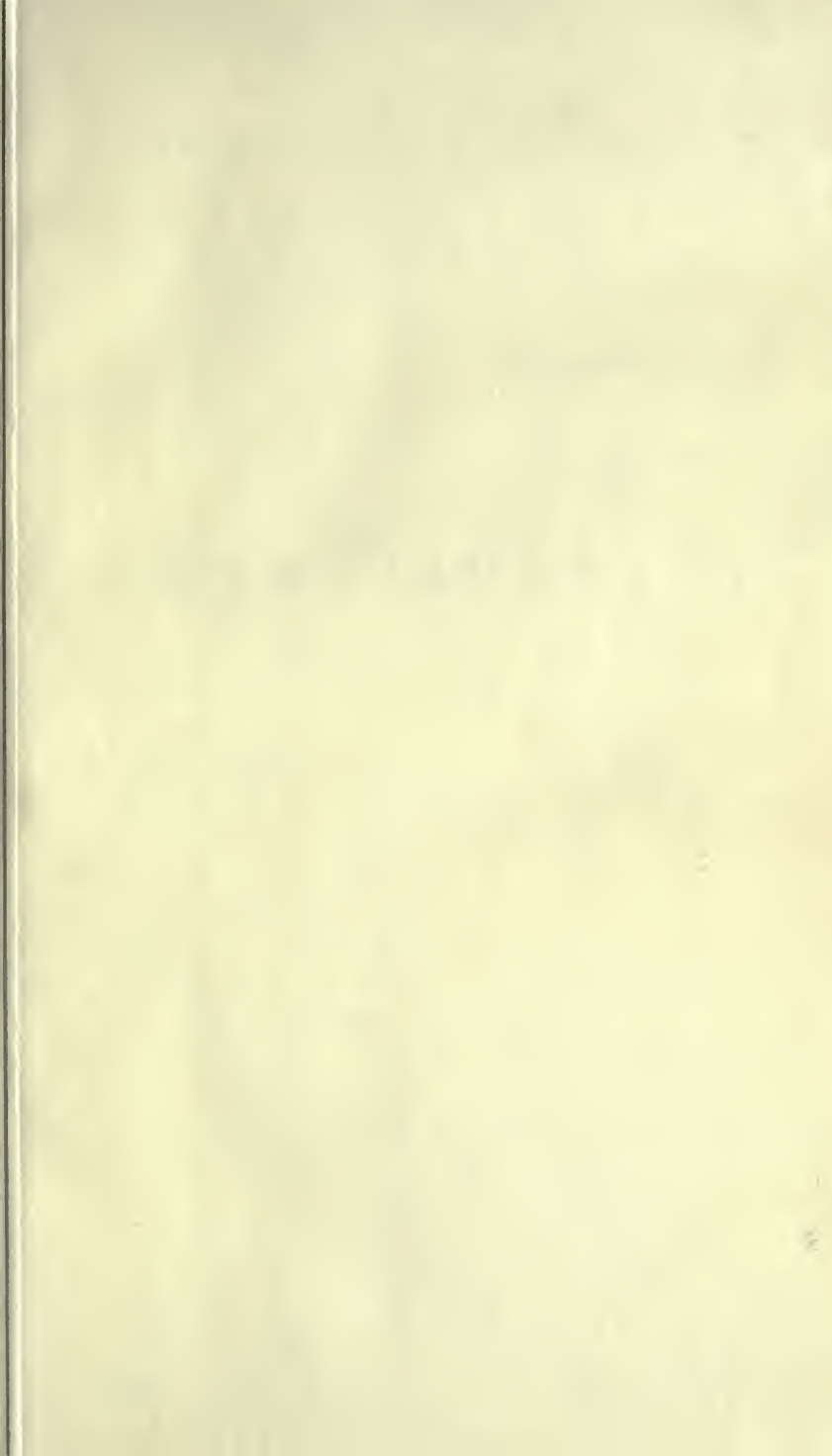


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Edwards. La Blayde.
London. 1872.

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THE GIAOUR.



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THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF

A TURKISH TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

“ One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
“ It's bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
“ To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
“ For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.”

MOORE.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars,

FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1814.

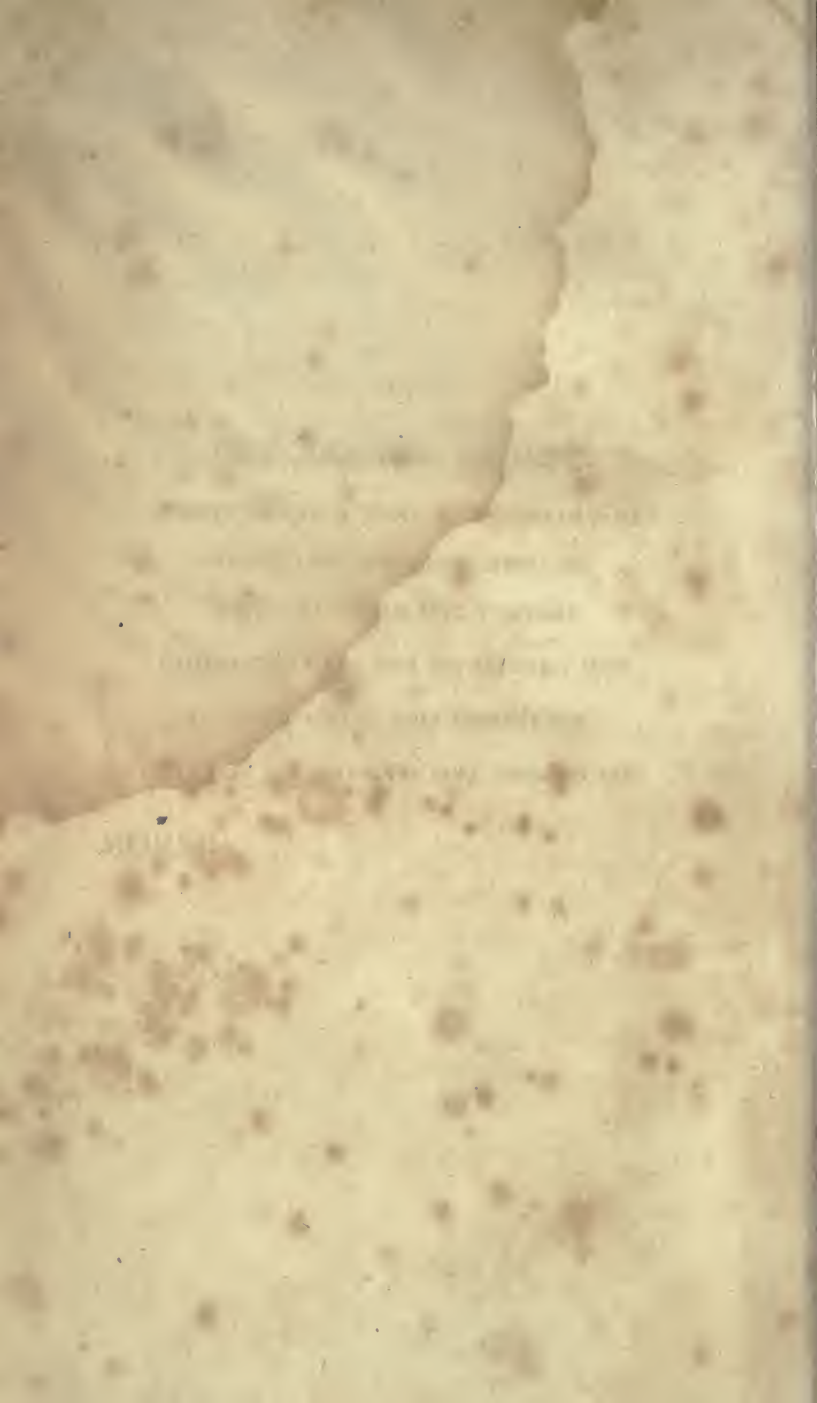
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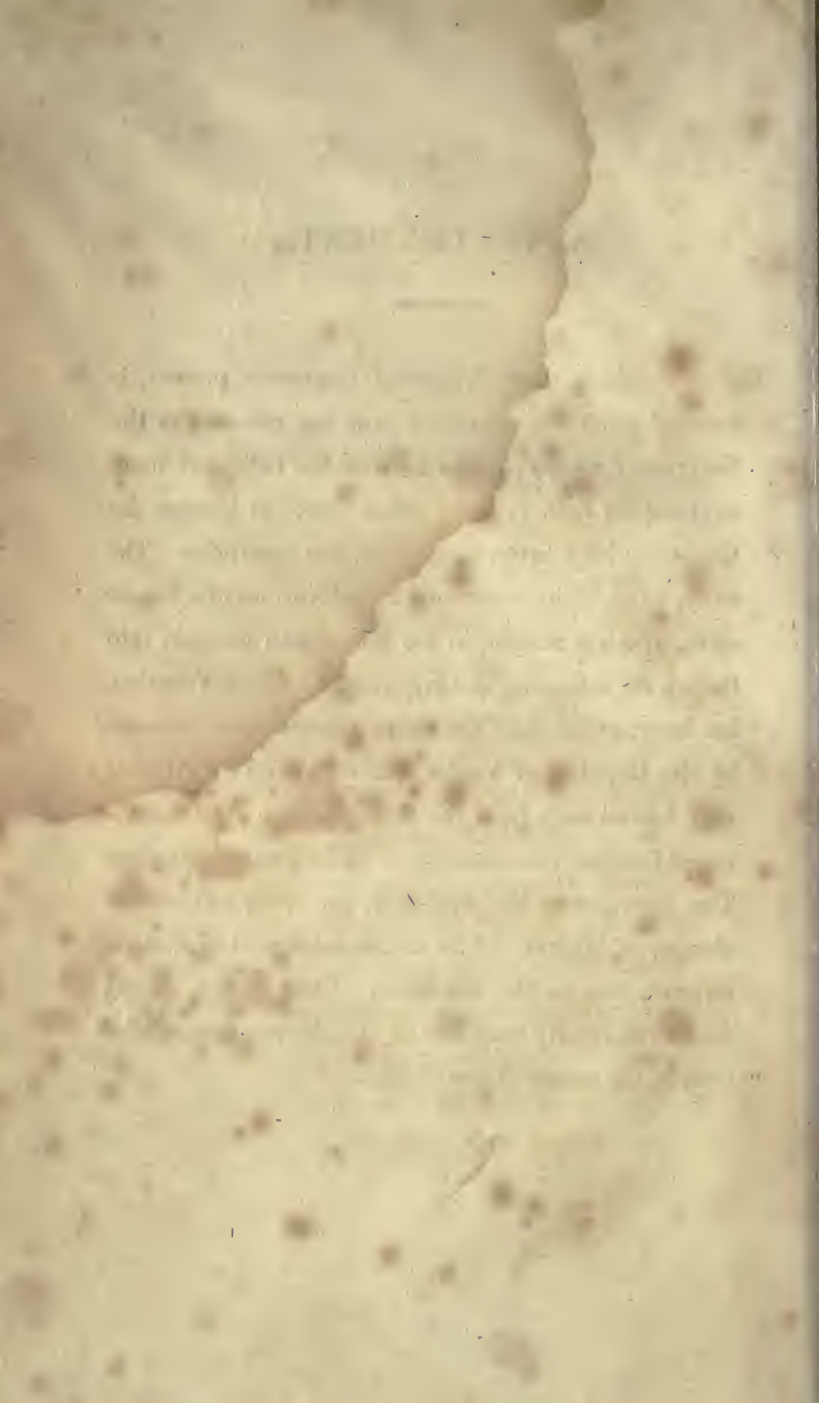
TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.
AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN
OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS;
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,
AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP;
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED BY
HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the “olden time;” or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprize. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprize, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.



THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb¹ which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain— 5
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which seen from far Colouna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight, 10
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling—Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave ; 15

And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue chrystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air,
That wakes and wafts the odours there! 20
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,²
 The maid for whom his melody—
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale; 25
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given 30
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share, 35
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;

Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar³ 40
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay. 45
Strange—that where Nature lov'd to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed—
There man, enamour'd of distress, 50
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour ;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land, 55
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
Strange—that where all is peace beside
There passion riots in her pride,

And lust and rapine wildly reign, 60
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And fixed, on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell— 65
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled ;
 The first dark day of nothingness, 70
 The last of danger and distress ;
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air—
 The rapture of repose that's there— 75
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
 And but for that chill changeless brow, 80
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy⁴

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone, 85
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!⁵
Such is the aspect of this shore— 90
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath; 95
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away! 100
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!—
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave— 105
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach thou craven crouching slave—
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave 110
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes—their story not unknown—
Arise, and make again your own; 115
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear, 120
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won. 125

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings in dusty darkness hid;
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom 130
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die! 135
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
Yes! Self-abasement pav'd the way 140
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore, 145
When man was worthy of thy clime.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime ;
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave, 150
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,⁶
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest, 155
 Without one free or valiant breast.
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd. 160
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale, 165
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat 170
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
 And fearful for his light caique
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil, 175
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed? 180
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;
The foam that streaks the courser's side, 185
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast,

And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour! 7 190
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface ;
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scath'd by fiery passion's brunt, 195
Though bent on earth thine evil eye
As meteor like thou glidest by,
Right well I view, and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened—and he drew 200
My gaze of wonder as he flew :
Though like a demon of the night
He passed and vanished from my sight ;
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast ; 205
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed—he nears the steep,
That jutting shadows o'er the deep—

He winds around—he hurries by— 210
The rock relieves him from mine eye—
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight. 215
He wound along—but ere he passed
One glance he snatched—as if his last—
A moment checked his wheeling steed—
A moment breathed him from his speed—
A moment on his stirrup stood— 220
Why looks he o’er the olive wood?—
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque’s high lamps are quivering still;
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,⁸ 225
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem’s zeal.
To-night—set Rhamazani’s sun—
To-night—the Bairam feast’s begun—
To-night—but who and what art thou 230
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?

And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?
He stood—some dread was on his face—
Soon Hatred settled in its place— 235
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's darkening blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent—his eye was glazed— 240
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised;
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly;—
Impatient of his flight delayed
Here loud his raven charger neighed— 245
Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade—
'That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.—
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides—
Away—away—for life he rides— 250
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed,⁹
Springs to the touch his startled steed,

The rock is doubled—and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more—
 The crag is won—no more is seen 255
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.—
 'Twas but an instant—he, restrained
 That fiery barb so sternly reined—
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued; 260
 But in that instant, o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seemed to roll;
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears, 265
 Such moment pours the grief of years—
 What felt *he* then—at once oppress
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause—which pondered o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date! 270
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought!
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,

Byron's
 such
 as
 through
 the
 eye
 1816

Which in itself can comprehend 275
Woe without name—or hope—or end.—

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,
And did he fly or fall alone?
Woe to that hour he came or went,
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 280
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,¹⁰
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death— 285
Dark tree—still sad, when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall,
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall
The lonely Spider's thin grey pall 290
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The Bat builds in his Haram bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;

The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim, 295
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim,
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day— 300
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.—
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright, 305
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.—
And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast 310
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been sooth'd by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.— 315
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close—

The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed !—
And here no more shall human voice 320
Be heard to rage—regret—rejoice—
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail—
That quenched in silence—all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill— 325
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief 330
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, " all are not gone ;
" There lingers Life, though but in one—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear ; 335
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way—
But Gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;

Nor there will wandering Dervise stay, 340

For Bounty cheers not his delay ;

Nor there will weary stranger halt

To bless the sacred " bread and salt." ¹¹

Alike must Wealth and Poverty

Pass heedless and unheeded by, 345

For Courtesy and Pity died

With Hassan on the mountain side.—

His roof—that refuge unto men—

Is Desolation's hungry den.—

The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour, 350

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ! ¹²

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,

But not a voice mine ear to greet—

More near—each turban I can scan,

And silver-sheathed ataghan ; ¹³ 355

The foremost of the band is seen

An Emir by his garb of green : ¹⁴

" Ho ! who art thou?—this low salam ¹⁵

" Replies of Moslem faith I am.

sentences
pathos

too much
interest on part of
reader find
whole to die

the whole
murder

doge

" The burthen ye so gently bear, 360
 " Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 " And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 " My humble bark would gladly wait."

" Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,
 " And waft us from the silent shore ; 365
 " Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 " The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
 " And midway to those rocks where sleep
 " The channel'd waters dark and deep.—
 " Rest from your task—so—bravely done, 370
 " Our course has been right swiftly run,
 " Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 " That one of— * * * * *
 * * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ; 375
 I watch'd it as it sank, methought
 Some motion from the current caught

Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream—
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view, 380
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew ;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep, 385
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen¹⁶ of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye : 395
 So Beauty lures the full-grown child
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed, 400
Woe waits the insect and the maid,
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, or man's caprice :
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught, 405
For every touch that wooed it's stay
Has brush'd the brightest hues away
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast, 410
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower? 415
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shewn
To every failing but their own,

And every woe a tear can claim 420
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows
 The flames around their captive close, 425
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain, 430
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain.—
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;¹⁷
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven, 435
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!—

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes, 440
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell? 445
 That tale can only Hassan tell:
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away;
 When Rhamazan's¹⁸ last sun was set,
 And flashing from each minaret 450
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath,
 But she was flown her master's rage 455
 In likeness of a Georgian page;
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd, 460

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Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserv'd a grave: *why?*

And on that eve had gone to mosque,

And thence to feast in his kiosk.

Such is the tale his Nubians tell, 465

Who did not watch their charge too well;

But others say, that on that night,

By pale Phingari's ¹⁹ trembling light,

The Giaour upon his jet black steed

Was seen—but seen alone to speed 470

With bloody spur along the shore,

Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,

But gaze on that of the Gazelle,

It will assist thy fancy well, 475

As large, as languishingly dark,

But Soul beam'd forth in every spark

That darted from beneath the lid,

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid ²⁰.

Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say 480

That form was nought but breathing clay,

By Alla! I would answer nay;

Though on Al-Sirat's ²¹ arch I stood,

Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

With Paradise within my view, 485

And all his Houris beckoning through.

Oh! who young Leila's glance could read

And keep that portion of his creed ²²

Which saith, that woman is but dust,

A soulless toy for tyrant's lust? 490

On her might Muftis gaze, and own

That through her eye the Immortal shone—

On her fair cheek's unfading hue,

The young pomegranate's ²³ blossoms strew

Their bloom in blushes ever new— 495

Her hair in hyacinthine ²⁴ flow

When left to roll its folds below;

As midst her handmaids in the hall

She stood superior to them all,

Hath swept the marble where her feet 500

Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet

Howson
folds

Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water—
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter— 505
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan! ²⁵
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide; 510
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus armed with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart as tender to her mate—
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
 Alas! that name was not for thee! 515

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
 With twenty vassals in his train, 520
 Each arm'd as best becomes a man
 With arquebuss and ataghan;

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 Leila
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 515
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The chief before, as deck'd for war
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood, 525
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few return'd to tell the tale
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.

The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pasha wore, 530
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold.—

link ['Tis said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side;
 The faithless slave that broke her bower, 535
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer; 540
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek

In cities lodg'd too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see, 545
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap, 550
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile;
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
 And their's may be a feast to-night, 555
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light.
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,
 And left a channel bleak and bare,
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there. 560
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,

By time or mountain lightning riven,
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd? 565

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last,
 " Bismillah! ²⁶ now the peril's past;
 " For yonder view the opening plain,
 " And there we'll prick our steeds amain:" 570

The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!

Scarce had they time to check the rein
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound, 575

But three shall never mount again,
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.

With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant, 580

Half shelter'd by the steed,
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,

Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen, 585
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590
 Have well secur'd the only way
 Could now avail the promis'd prey;
 Then curl'd his very beard²⁷ with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire.
 " Though far and near the bullets hiss, 595
 " I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword, 600
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan—
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!²⁸
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear, 605

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to turn to
any more native
narrator

And issuing from the grove advance,
Some who on battle charger prance.—
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?

“ ’Tis he—’tis he—I know him now, 610

“ I know him by his pallid brow;

“ I know him by the evil eye²⁹

“ That aids his envious treachery;

“ I know him by his jet-black barb,

“ Though now array’d in Arnaut garb, 615

“ Apostate from his own vile faith, —▷

“ It shall not save him from the death;

“ ’Tis he, well met in any hour,

“ Lost Leila’s love—accursed Giaour!”

As rolls the river into ocean, 620

In sable torrent wildly streaming;

As the sea-tide’s opposing motion

In azure column proudly gleaming,

Beats back the current many a rood,

In curling foam and mingling flood; 625

While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter rave;
Through sparkling spray in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drive along. 635
The bickering sabres' shivering jar
And pealing wide—or ringing near
It's echoes on the throbbing ear
The deathshot hissing from afar—
The shock—the shout—the groan of war— 640
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—their's the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press, 645
To seize and share the dear caress;

But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant,
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes, 650
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold;
 Friends meet to part—Love laughs at faith;—
 True foes, once met, are joined till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt, 655
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold; 660
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore 665
 A fragment of his palampore,³

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy, 670
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *

" Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave, 675
 " But his shall be a redder grave;
 " Her spirit pointed well the steel
 " Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 " He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 " Was vain against the vengeful Giaour: 680
 " He call'd on Alla—but the word
 " Arose unheeded or unheard.
 " Thou Paynim fool!—could Leila's prayer
 " Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
 " I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these, 685
 " The traitor in his turn to seize;

“ My wrath is wreak’d, the deed is done,

“ And now I go—but go alone.”

* * * * *

* * * * *

The browsing camels’ bells are tinkling—

His Mother looked from her lattice high, 690

She saw the dew of eve besprinkling

The pasture green beneath her eye,

She saw the planets faintly twinkling,

“ ’Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.”—

She could not rest in the garden-bower, 695

But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower—

“ Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,

“ Nor shrink they from the summer heat;

“ Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift,

“ Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift? 700

“ Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now

“ Has gained our nearest mountain’s brow,

“ And warily the steep descends,

“ And now within the valley bends;

“ And he bears the gift at his saddle bow— 705

“ How could I deem his courser slow ?

“ Right well my largess shall repay

“ His welcome speed, and weary way.”—

The Tartar lighted at the gate,

But scarce upheld his fainting weight ; 710

His swarthy visage spake distress,

But this might be from weariness ;

His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,

But these might be from his courser's side ;—

He drew the token from his vest— 715

Angel of Death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !

His calpac³¹ rent—his caftan red— *part of turban.*

“ Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed—

“ Me, not from mercy, did they spare,

“ But this empurpled pledge to bear. 720

“ Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt—

“ Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt.”

* * * * *

A turban ³² carv'd in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read 725
The Koran verse that mourns the dead;
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee; 730
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" ³³
Yet died he by a stranger's hand, 735
And stranger in his native land—
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unaveng'd, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite, 740
And the dark Heaven of Hourî's eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave, ³⁴
And welcome with a kiss the brave!

Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour, 745
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's³⁵ scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis' ³⁶ throne; 750
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable—
Around—within—thy heart shall dwell,
Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!—
But first, on earth as Vampire³⁷ sent, 755
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race,
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life; 760
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse;
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the dæmon for their sire,

As cursing thee, thou cursing them, 765

Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.

But one that for thy crime must fall—

The youngest—most belov'd of all,

Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—

That word shall wrap thy heart in flame! 770

Yet must thou end thy task, and mark

Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

And the last glassy glance must view

Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;

Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear 775

The tresses of her yellow hair,

Of which in life a lock when shorn,

Affection's fondest pledge was worn;

But now is borne away by thee,

Memorial of thine agony! 780

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,³⁸

Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;

Then stalking to thy sullen grave—

Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;

Till these in horror shrink away 785

From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *

“ How name ye yon lone Caloyer?

“ His features I have scann'd before

“ In mine own land—'tis many a year,

“ Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790

“ I saw him urge as fleet a steed

“ As ever serv'd a horseman's need.

“ But once I saw that face—yet then

“ It was so mark'd with inward pain

“ I could not pass it by again; 795

“ It breathes the same dark spirit now,

“ As death were stamped upon his brow.]

“ 'Tis twice three years at summer tide

“ Since first among our freres he came;

“ And here it soothes him to abide 800

“ For some dark deed he will not name.

“ But never at our vesper prayer,

“ Nor e'er before confession chair

6 yrs later

*in the
L
on 610*

mark:

- “ Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
“ Incense or anthem to the skies, 805
“ But broods within his cell alone,
“ His faith and race alike unknown.
“ The sea from Paynim land he crost,
“ And here ascended from the coast,
“ Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810
“ But only Christian in his face :
“ I’d judge him some stray renegade,
“ Repentant of the change he made,
“ Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
“ Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine. 815
“ Great largess to these walls he brought,
“ And thus our abbot’s favour bought ;
“ But were I Prior, not a day
“ Should brook such stranger’s further stay,
“ Or pent within our penance cell 820
“ Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
“ Much in his visions mutters he
“ Of maiden ’whelmed beneath the sea ;
“ Of sabres clashing—foemen flying,
“ Wrongs aveng’d—and Moslem dying. 825

“ On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 “ And rave as to some bloody hand
 “ Fresh sever’d from its parent limb,
 “ Invisible to all but him,
 “ Which beckons onward to his grave, 830
 “ And lures to leap into the wave.”

* * * * * * * *
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Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl—
 The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by— 835
 Though varying—indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue—
 For in it lurks that nameless spell
 Which speaks—itself unspeakable—
 A spirit yet unquelled and high 840
 That claims and keeps ascendancy,
 And like the bird whose pinions quake—
 But cannot fly the gazing snake—
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor ’scape the glance they scarce can brook. 845

From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire—
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile—
Not oft to smile descendeth he, 850
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever—
As if his sorrow or disdain 855
Forbade him e'er to smile again.—
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er deriv'd its birth.—
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face— 860
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed—
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded— 865
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds—and fitting doom—

[The close observer can espy

A noble soul, and lineage high.—

Alas! though both bestowed in vain, 870

Which Grief could change—and Guilt could stain—

It was no vulgar tenement

To which such lofty gifts were lent,

And still with little less than dread

On such the sight is riveted.— 875

The roofless cot decayed and rent,

Will scarce delay the passer by—

The tower by war or tempest bent,

While yet may frown one battlement,

Demands and daunts the stranger's eye— 880

Each ivied arch—and pillar lone,

Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

“ His floating robe around him folding,

“ Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle—

“ With dread beheld—with gloom beholding 885

“ The rites that sanctify the pile.

“ But when the anthem shakes the choir,

“ And kneel the monks—his steps retire—

- “ By yonder lone and wavering torch
“ His aspect glares within the porch ; 890
“ There will he pause till all is done—
“ And hear the prayer—but utter none.
“ See—by the half-illumin’d wall
“ His hood fly back—his dark hair fall—
“ That pale brow wildly wreathing round, 895
“ As if the Gorgon there had bound
“ The sablest of the serpent-braid
“ That o’er her fearful forehead strayed.
“ For he declines the convent oath,
“ And leaves those locks unhallowed growth— 900
“ But wears our garb in all beside ;
“ And—not from piety but pride
“ Gives wealth to walls that never heard
“ Of his one holy vow nor word.—
“ Lo!—mark ye—as the harmony 905
“ Peals louder praises to the sky—
“ That livid cheek—that stoney air
“ Of mixed defiance and despair!
“ Saint Francis! keep him from the shrine!
“ Else may we dread the wrath divine 910

“ Made manifest by awful sign.—

“ If ever evil angel bore

“ The form of mortal, such he wore—

“ By all my hope of sins forgiven

“ Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!” 915

To love the softest hearts are prone,

But such can ne’er be all his own;

Too timid in his woes to share,

Too meek to meet, or brave despair;

And sterner hearts alone may feel 920

The wound that time can never heal.

The rugged metal of the mine

Must burn before its surface shine,

But plung’d within the furnace-flame,

It bends and melts—though still the same; 925

Then tempered to thy want, or will,

’Twill serve thee to defend or kill;

A breast-plate for thine hour of need,

Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;

But if a dagger’s form it bear, 930

Let those who shape it’s edge, beware!

Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain, 935
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less. 940
 We loathe what none are left to share—
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate,
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel 945
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay! 950

It is as if the desert-bird,³⁹

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream ;

To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,

Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd ;

Should rend her rash devoted breast, 955

And find them flown her empty nest.

The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void—

The leafless desert of the mind—

The waste of feelings unemploy'd— 960

Who would be doom'd to gaze upon

A sky without a cloud or sun ?

Less hideous far the tempest's roar,

Than ne'er to brave the billows more—

Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er, 965

A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,

'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,

Unseen to drop by dull decay ;—

Better to sink beneath the shock

Than moulder piecemeal on the rock ! 970

* * * * *

“ Father ! thy days have pass’d in peace,
“ Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
“ To bid the sins of others cease,
“ Thyself without a crime or care,
“ Save transient ills that all must bear, 975
“ Has been thy lot, from youth to age,
“ And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
“ Of passions fierce and uncontroul’d,
“ Such as thy penitents unfold,
“ Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980
“ Within thy pure and pitying breast.
“ My days, though few, have pass’d below
“ In much of joy, but more of woe ;
“ Yet still in hours of love or strife,
“ I’ve scap’d the weariness of life ; 985
“ Now leagu’d with friends, now girt by foes,
“ I loath’d the languor of repose ;
“ Now nothing left to love or hate,
“ No more with hope or pride elate ;
“ I’d rather be the thing that crawls 990
“ Most noxious o’er a dungeon’s walls,

- “ Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 “ Condemn’d to meditate and gaze—
 “ Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 “ For rest—but not to feel ’tis rest— 995
 “ Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
 “ And I shall sleep without the dream
 “ Of what I was, and would be still,
 “ Dark as to thee my deeds may seem—
 “ My memory now is but the tomb 1000
 “ Of joys long dead—my hope—their doom—
 “ Though better to have died with those
 “ Than bear a life of lingering woes—
 “ My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 “ The searching throes of ceaseless pain; 1005
 “ Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 “ Of ancient fool, and modern knave:
 “ Yet death I have not fear’d to meet,
 “ And in the field it had been sweet
 “ Had danger wooed me on to move 1010
 “ The slave of glory, not of love.
 “ I’ve brav’d it—not for honour’s boast;
 “ I smile at laurels won or lost.—

" To such let others carve their way,
 " For high renown, or hireling pay; 1015
 " But place again before my eyes
 " Aught that I deem a worthy prize;—
 " The maid I love—the man I hate—
 " And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 " (To save or slay—as these require) 1020
 " Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
 " Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 " Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 " Death is but what the haughty brave—
 " The weak must bear—the wretch must crave— 1025
 " Then let Life go to him who gave:
 " I have not quailed to danger's brow—
 " When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

" I lov'd her, friar! nay, adored—
 " But these are words that all can use— 1030
 " I prov'd it more in deed than word—
 " There's blood upon that dinted sword—

- “ A stain it's steel can never lose :
“ 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
“ It warmed the heart of one abhorred: 1035
“ Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
“ Nor midst my sins such act record,
“ Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
“ For he was hostile to thy creed !
“ The very name of Nazarene 1040
“ Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen,
“ Ungrateful fool! since but for brands,
“ Well wielded in some hardy hands ;
“ And wounds by Galileans given,
“ The surest pass to Turkish heav'n ; 1045
“ For him his Houris still might wait
“ Impatient at the prophet's gate.
“ I lov'd her—love will find its way
“ Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
“ And if it dares enough, 'twere hard 1050
“ If passion met not some reward—
“ No matter how—or where—or why,
“ I did not vainly seek—nor sigh :

- “ Yet sometimes with remorse in vain
“ I wish she had not lov’d again. 1055
“ She died—I dare not tell thee how,
“ But look—’tis written on my brow !
“ There read of Cain the curse and crime,
“ In characters unworn by time :
“ Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause— 1060
“ Not mine the act, though I the cause ;
“ Yet did he but what I had done
“ Had she been false to more than one ;
“ Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
“ But true to me—I laid him low ; 1065
“ Howe’er deserv’d her doom might be,
“ Her treachery was truth to me ;
“ To me she gave her heart, that all
“ Which tyranny can ne’er enthrall ;
“ And I, alas ! too late to save, 1070
“ Yet all I then could give—I gave—
“ ’Twas some relief—our foe a grave.
“ His death sits lightly ; but her fate
“ Has made me—what thou well may’st hate.
“ His doom was seal’d—he knew it well, 1075

- “ Warn’d by the voice of stern Taheer,
“ Deep in whose darkly boding ear⁴⁰
“ The deathshot peal’d of murder near—
“ As filed the troop to where they fell!
“ He died too in the battle broil— 1080
“ A time that heeds nor pain nor toil—
“ One cry to Mahomet for aid,
“ One prayer to Alla—all he made :
“ He knew and crossed me in the fray—
“ I gazed upon him where he lay, 1085
“ And watched his spirit ebb away ;
“ Though pierced like Pard by hunters’ steel,
“ He felt not half that now I feel.
“ I search’d, but vainly search’d to find,
“ The workings of a wounded mind; 1090
“ Each feature of that sullen corse
“ Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
“ Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
“ Despair upon his dying face !
“ The late repentance of that hour, 1095
“ When Penitence hath lost her power

“ To tear one terror from the grave—

“ And will not soothe, and can not save!

* * * * *

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood,

“ Their love can scarce deserve the name ; 1100

“ But mine was like the lava flood

“ That boils in *Ætna*’s breast of flame,

“ I cannot prate in puling strain

“ Of ladye-love, and beauty’s chain ;

“ If changing cheek, and scorching vein— 1105

“ Lips taught to writhe, but not complain—

“ If bursting heart, and mad’ning brain—

“ And daring deed, and vengeful steel—

“ And all that I have felt—and feel—

“ Betoken love—that love was mine, 1110

“ And shewn by many a bitter sign.

“ ’Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,

“ I knew but to obtain or die.

“ I die—but first I have possest,

“ And come what may, I *have been* blest ; 1115

“ Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?

“ No—reft of all—yet undismay’d

- “ But for the thought of Leila slain,
“ Give me the pleasure with the pain,
“ So would I live and love again. 1120
“ I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
“ For him who dies, but her who died ;
“ She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,
“ Ah ! had she but an earthly grave,
“ This breaking heart and throbbing head 1125
“ Should seek and share her narrow bed.
“ She was a form of life and light—
“ That seen—became a part of sight,
“ And rose—where’er I turned mine eye—
“ The Morning-star of Memory! 1130
- “ Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven—
“ A spark of that immortal fire
“ With angels shar’d—by Alla given,
“ To lift from earth our low desire.
“ Devotion wafts the mind above, 1135
“ But Heaven itself descends in love—
“ A feeling from the Godhead caught,
“ To wean from self each sordid thought—

" A Ray of him who form'd the whole—

" A Glory circling round the soul! 1140

" I grant *my* love imperfect—all

" That mortals by the name miscall—

" Then deem it evil—what thou wilt—

" But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!

" She was my life's unerring light— 1145

" That quench'd—what beam shall break my night?

" Oh! would it shone to lead me still,

" Although to death or deadliest ill!—

" Why marvel ye? if they who lose

 'This present joy, this future hope, 1150

 " No more with sorrow meekly cope—

" In phrenzy then their fate accuse—

" In madness do those fearful deeds

 " That seem to add but guilt to woe,

" Alas! the breast that inly bleeds 1155

 " Hath nought to dread from outward blow—

" Who falls from all he knows of bliss,

" Cares little into what abyss.—

" Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now

 " To thee, old man, my deeds appear— 1160

- “ I read abhorrence on thy brow,
“ And this too was I born to bear!
“ ’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
“ With havock have I mark’d my way—
“ But this was taught me by the dove— 1165
“ To die—and know no second love.
“ This lesson yet hath man to learn,
“ Taught by the thing he dares to spurn—
“ The bird that sings within the brake,
“ The swan that swims upon the lake, 1170
“ One mate, and one alone, will take.
“ And let the fool still prone to range,
“ And sneer on all who cannot change—
“ Partake his jest with boasting boys,
“ I envy not his varied joys— 1175
“ But deem such feeble, heartless man,
“ Less than yon solitary swan—
“ Far—far beneath the shallow maid
“ He left believing and betray’d.
“ Such shame at least was never mine— 1180
“ Leila—each thought was only thine!—
“ My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
“ My hope on high—my all below.

“ Earth holds no other like to thee,
“ Or if it doth, in vain for me— 1185
“ For worlds I dare not view the dame
“ Resembling thee, yet not the same.
“ The very crimes that mar my youth—
“ This bed of death—attest my truth—
“ ’Tis all too late—thou wert—thou art 1190
“ The cherished madness of my heart!

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
“ But not the breath of human life—
“ A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
“ And stung my every thought to strife.— 1195
“ Alike all time—abhorred all place,
“ Shuddering I shrunk from Nature’s face,
“ Where every hue that charmed before
“ The blackness of my bosom wore :—
“ The rest—thou do’st already know, 1200
“ And all my sins and half my woe—
“ But talk no more of penitence,
“ Thou see’st I soon shall part from hence—
“ And if thy holy tale were true—
“ The deed that’s done can’st *thou* undo? 1205

“ Think me not thankless—but this grief

“ Looks not to priesthood for relief. ⁴¹

“ My soul’s estate in secret guess—

“ But would’st thou pity more—say less—

“ When thou can’st bid my Leila live, 1210

“ Then will I sue thee to forgive;

“ Then plead my cause in that high place

“ Where purchased masses proffer grace—

“ Go—when the hunter’s hand hath wrung

“ From forest-cave her shrieking young, 1215

“ And calm the lonely lioness—

“ But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,

“ When heart with heart delights to blend,

“ Where bloom my native valley’s bowers— 1220

“ I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!—

“ To him this pledge I charge thee send—

“ Memorial of a youthful vow;

“ I would remind him of my end,—

“ Though souls absorbed like mine allow 1225

“ Brief thought to distant friendship’s claim,

“ Yet dear to him *my* blighted name.

some of

- “ ’Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
“ And I have smil’d—(I then could smile—)
“ When Prudence would his voice assume, 1230
“ And warn—I reck’d not what—the while—
“ But now remembrance whispers o’er
“ Those accents scarcely mark’d before.
“ Say—that his bodings came to pass,
“ And he will start to hear their truth, 1235
“ And wish his words had not been sooth,
“ Tell him—unheeding as I was—
“ Through many a busy bitter scene
“ Of all our golden youth had been—
“ In pain, my faltering tongue had tried 1240
“ To bless his memory ere I died ;
“ But heaven in wrath would turn away,
“ If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
“ I do not ask him not to blame—
“ Too gentle he to wound my name ; 1245
“ And what have I to do with fame ?
“ I do not ask him not to mourn,
“ Such cold request might sound like scorn ;

“ And what than friendship’s manly tear
 “ May better grace a brother’s bier? 1250
 “ But bear this ring—his own of old—
 “ And tell him—what thou dost behold!
 “ The wither’d frame, the ruined mind,
 “ The wrack by passion left behind—
 “ A shrivell’d scroll, a scatter’d leaf, 1255
 “ Sear’d by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

“ Tell me no more of fancy’s gleam,
 “ No, father, no, ’twas not a dream;
 “ Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
 “ I only watch’d, and wish’d to weep; 1260
 “ But could not, for my burning brow
 “ Throbb’d to the very brain as now.
 “ I wish’d but for a single tear,
 “ As something welcome, new, and dear;
 “ I wish’d it then—I wish it still, 1265
 “ Despair is stronger than my will.
 “ Waste not thine orison—despair
 “ Is mightier than thy pious prayer:

“ I would not, if I might, be blest,

“ I want no paradise—but rest.

1270

“ ’Twas then, I tell thee, father! then

“ I saw her—yes—she liv’d again ;

“ And shining in her white symar,⁴²

“ As through yon pale grey cloud—the star

“ Which now I gaze on, as on her

1275

“ Who look’d and looks far lovelier ;

“ Dimly I view its trembling spark—

“ To-morrow’s night shall be more dark—

“ And I—before its rays appear,

“ That lifeless thing the living fear.

1280

“ I wander, father! for my soul

“ Is fleeting towards the final goal;

“ I saw her, friar! and I rose,

“ Forgetful of our former woes ;

“ And rushing from my couch, I dart,

1285

“ And clasp her to my desperate heart ;

“ I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?

“ No breathing form within my grasp,

“ No heart that beats reply to mine,

“ Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!

1290

“ And art thou, dearest, chang’d so much,

“ As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?

“ Ah! were thy beauties e’er so cold,

“ I care not—so my arms enfold

“ The all they ever wish’d to hold. 1295

“ Alas! around a shadow prest,

“ They shrink upon my lonely breast;

“ Yet still—’tis there—in silence stands,

“ And beckons with beseeching hands!

“ With braided hair, and bright-black eye— 1300

“ I knew ’twas false—she could not die!

“ But he is dead—within the dell

“ I saw him buried where he fell;

“ He comes not—for he cannot break

“ From earth—why then art thou awake? 1305

“ They told me, wild waves roll’d above

“ The face I view, the form I love;

“ They told me—’twas a hideous tale!

“ I’d tell it—but my tongue would fail—

“ If true—and from thine ocean-cave 1310

“ Thou com’st to claim a calmer grave;

“ Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o’er

“ This brow that then will burn no more;

“ Or place them on my hopeless heart—

“ But, shape or shade !—whate’er thou art, 1315

“ In mercy, ne’er again depart—

“ Or farther with thee bear my soul,

“ Than winds can waft—or waters roll!—

* * * * *

“ Such is my name, and such my tale,

“ Confessor—to thy secret ear, 1320

“ I breathe the sorrows I bewail,

“ And thank thee for the generous tear

“ This glazing eye could never shed,

“ Then lay me with the humblest dead,

“ And save the cross above my head, 1325

“ Be neither name nor emblem spread—

“ By prying stranger to be read,

“ Or stay the passing pilgrim’s tread.”

He pass’d—nor of his name and race

Hath left a token or a trace, 1330

Save what the father must not say

Who shrived him on his dying day ;

This broken tale was all we knew

Of her he lov’d, or him he slew.¹³

Handwritten:
1315
1325
1330

NOTES

TO

THE GIAOUR.

Note 1, page 1, line 3.

That tomb, which, gleaming o'er the cliff.

A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2, page 2, line 7.

Sultana of the Nightingale.

The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable—if I mistake not, the “Bulbul of a thousand tales” is one of his appellations.

Note 3, page 3, line 3.

Till the gay mariner's guitar.

The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night, with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Note 4, page 4, line 22.

Where cold Obstruction's apathy.

"Aye, but to die and go we know not where,

"To lie in cold obstruction."

Measure for Measure, Act III. 130. Sc. 2.

Note 5, page 5, line 8.

The first—last look—by death reveal'd.

I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Note 6, page 8, line 5.

Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave.

Athens is the property of the Kislär Aga, (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode.—A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!

Note 7, page 10, line 2.

'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.

Infidel.

Note 8, page 11, line 16.

In echoes of the far tophaike.

"Tophaike," musquet.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

Note 9, page 12, line 20.

Swift as the hurled on high jerreed.

Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople.—I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my own observation.

Note 10, page 14, line 8.

He came, he went, like the Simoom.

The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Note 11, page 17, line 4.

To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

To partake of food—to break bread and salt with your host—insures the safety of the guest, even though an enemy; his person from that moment is sacred.

Note 12, page 17, line 12.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

Note 13, page 17, line 16.

And silver-sheathed ataghan.

The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Note 14, page 17, line 18.

An Emir by his garb of green.

Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Note 15, page 17, line 19.

Ho! who art thou?—this low salam.

Salam aleikoun! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian, “Urlarula,” a good journey; or saban hiresem, saban serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, “may your end be happy;” are the usual salutes.

Note 16, page 19, line 12.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.

The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17, page 21, line 15.

Or like the Scorpion girt by fire.

Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict “Felo de se.” The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question, as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Note 18, page 22, line 11.

When Rhamazan's last sun was set.

The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; see note 8.

Note 19, page 23, line 8.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.

Phingari, the moon.

Note 20, page 23, line 19

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "cup of the sun," &c.—In the first editions "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Note 21, page 24, line 4.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Averni*," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22, page 24, line 9.

And keep that portion of his creed.

A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Note 23, page 24, line 15.

The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

Note 24, page 24, line 17.

Her hair in hyacinthine flow.

Hyacinthine, in Arabic, "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Note 25, page 25, line 5.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan.

"Franguestan," Circassia.

Note 26, page 28, line 6.

Bismillah! now the peril's past.

Bismillah—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27, page 29, line 10.

Then curl'd his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Note 28, page 29, line 20.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!

"Amaun," quarter, pardon.

Note 29, page 30, line 7.

I know him by the evil eye.

The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of

which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Note 30, page 32, line 20.

A fragment of his palampore.

The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31, page 35, line 13.

His calpac rent—his caftan red.

The "Calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32, page 36, line 1.

A turban curv'd in coarsest stone.

The turban—pillar—and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on enquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33, page 36, line 12.

At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"

"Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice (which they frequently have) the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34, page 36, line 21.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.

The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee," &c.

Note 35, page 37, line 4.

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two; and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

Note 36, page 37, line 6.

To wander round lost Eblis' throne.

Eblis the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37, page 37, line 11.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Note 38, page 38, line 17.

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Note 39, page 47, line 1.

It is as if the desert-bird.

The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Note 40, page 53, line 2.

Deep in whose darkly boding ear.

This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with down-right second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain.—I rode up and enquired. “We are in peril,” he answered. “What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves?”—“True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“The shot!—not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“Psha.”—“As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quickeared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot; whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence.—We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns.—I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palao-castro*” man: “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his

troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*.—On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harolde*, Canto 2d.—I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.—Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musquetry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race.—In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand,) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephtes,” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Note 41, page 59, line 2.

Looks not to priesthood for relief.

The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length, (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 42, page 62, line 5.

And shining in her white symar.

“Symar”—Shroud.

Note 43, page 64, last line.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or shewed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten.—I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives.—The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr. Webb justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

**T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.**

THE
BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A TURKISH TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS.

EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1814.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD HOLLAND,
THIS TALE
IS INSCRIBED, WITH
EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD
AND RESPECT,
BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED
AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE
BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO I.

I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—

Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?—

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?

Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl¹ in her bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is mute; 10

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,

In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,

And the purple of Ocean is deepest in die;

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—

'Tis the clime of the east—'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?²
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave, 20
 Apparelled as becomes the brave,
 Awaiting each his Lord's behest
 To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
 Old Giaffir sate in his Divan,
 Deep thought was in his aged eye ;
 And though the face of Mussulman
 Not oft betrays to standers by
 The mind within, well skill'd to hide
 All but unconquerable pride,
 His pensive cheek and pondering brow 30
 Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

" Let the chamber be cleared"—the train disappeared—
 " Now call me the chief of the Haram guard—"
 With Giaffir is none but his only son,
 And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

" Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
 " Are passed beyond the outer gate,
 " (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
 " My child Zuleika's face unveiled !)
 " Hence, lead my daughter from her tower— 40
 " Her fate is fixed this very hour ;
 " Yet not to her repeat my thought—
 " By me alone be duty taught !"

" Pacha ! to hear is to obey.—"
 No more must slave to despot say—
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
 But here young Selim silence brake,
 First lowly rendering reverence meet ;
 And downcast looked, and gently spake,
 Still standing at the Pacha's feet.— 50
 For son of Moslem must expire,
 Ere dare to sit before his sire !

" Father!—for fear that thou should'st chide
 " My sister, or her sable guide—
 " Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
 " Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me !

- " So lovelily the morning shone,
 " That—let the old and weary sleep—
 " I could not; and to view alone
 " The fairest scenes of land and deep, 60
 " With none to listen and reply
 " To thoughts with which my heart beat high
 " Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
 " In sooth I love not solitude:
 " I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
 " And, as thou knowest that for me
 " Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
 " Before the guardian slaves awoke
 " We to the cypress groves had flown,
 " And made earth, main, and heaven our own! 70
 " There lingered we, beguiled too long
 " With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;³
 " Till I, who heard the deep tambour⁴
 " Beat thy Divan's approaching hour—
 " To thee and to my duty true,
 " Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
 " But there Zuleika wanders yet—
 " Nay, father, frown not—nor forget

"That none can pierce that secret bower

"But those who watch the women's tower."

80

IV.

"Son of a slave!"—the Pacha said—

"From unbelieving mother bred,

"Vain were a father's hope to see

"Aught that beseems a man in thee.

"Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,

 " And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,

 "Thou Greek in soul, if not in creed,

"Must pore where babbling waters flow,

"And watch unfolding roses blow.

"Would that yon orb, whose matin glow

90

"Thy listless eyes so much admire,

"Would lend thee something of his fire!

"Thou, who would'st see this battlement

"By Christian cannon piecemeal rent—

"Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall

"Before the dogs of Moscow fall—

"Nor strike one stroke for life and death

"Against the curs of Nazareth!

"Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 "Assume the distaff—not the brand. 100
 "But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed—
 "And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 "If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 "Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword—
 "Son of a slave!—reproached with fear—
 "Those gibes had cost another dear. 110
 "Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
 And glances even of more than ire
 Flash forth—then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started—for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done,
 He saw rebellion there begun—
 "Come hither, boy—what, no reply?"

“ I mark thee—and I know thee too ; 120
“ But there be deeds thou dar’st not do :
“ But if thy beard had manlier length,
“ And if thy hand had skill and strength,
“ I’d joy to see thee break a lance,
“ Albeit against my own perchance.”

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim’s eye he fiercely gazed—
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire’s was raised,
Till Giaffir’s quailed and shrunk askance— 130
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.—
“ Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
“ Will one day work me more annoy—
“ I never loved him from his birth,
“ And—but his arm is little worth,
“ And scarcely in the chace could cope
“ With timid fawn or antelope,
“ Far less would venture into strife
“ Where man contends for fame and life—
“ I would not trust that look or tone— 140
“ No—nor the blood so near my own—

“ That blood—he hath not heard—no more—

“ I’ll watch him closer than before—

“ He is an Arab^s to my sight,

“ Or Christian crouching in the fight.—

“ But hark !—I hear Zuleika’s voice,

“ Like Houris’ hymn it meets mine ear ;

“ She is the offspring of my choice—

“ Oh ! more than even her mother dear,

“ With all to hope, and nought to fear, 150

“ My Peri ! ever welcome here !

✓ “ Sweet, as the desert-fountain’s wave

“ To lips just cooled in time to save—

“ Such to my longing sight art thou ;

“ Nor can they waft to Mecca’s shrine

“ More thanks for life, than I for thine

“ Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now.”

VI.

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamped upon her mind— 160

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;

Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendant vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven—
Soft—as the memory of buried love—
Pure—as the prayer which Childhood wafts above—
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay 170
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the Music breathing from her face!⁶
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole— 180
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast—
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt;
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel— 190
Affection chained her to that heart—
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

“ Zuleika—child of gentleness!
“ How dear—this very day must tell,
“ When I forget my own distress
“ In losing what I love so well
“ To bid thee with another dwell,
“ Another—and a braver man
“ Was never seen in battle’s van.
“ We Moslem reck not much of blood— 200
“ But yet the line of Carasman’
“ Unchanged—unchangeable hath stood,

“ First of the bold Timariot bands
“ That won and well can keep their lands.
“ Enough—that he who comes to woo
“ Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou—
“ His years need scarce a thought employ—
“ I would not have thee wed a boy—
“ And thou shalt have a noble dower:
“ And his and my united power 210
“ Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
“ Which others tremble but to scan—
“ And teach the messenger^s what fate
“ The bearer of such boon may wait.
“ And now thou know’st thy father’s will—
“ All that thy sex hath need to know—
“ ’Twas mine to teach obedience still,
“ The way to love, thy lord may shew.”

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin’s head—
And if her eye was filled with tears 220
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,

And red to pale, as through her ears

Those winged words like arrows sped—

What could such be but maiden fears?

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye

Love half regrets to kiss it dry—

So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,

Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot—

230

Or if remembered, marked it not—

Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,

Resign'd his gem-adorn'd Chibouque,¹⁰

✓ And mounting featly for the mead,

With Maugrabee¹¹—and Mamaluke—

His way amid his Delis took,¹²

To witness many an active deed

With sabre keen—or blunt jereed.

The Kislar only and his Moors

Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

240

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,

His eye looked o'er the dark blue water,

That swiftly glides and gently swells
 Between the winding Dardanelles;
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
 Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter;
 Careering cleave the folded felt¹³
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt—
 Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd, 250
 Nor heard their Ollahs¹⁴ wild and loud—
 He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

X

No word from Selim's bosom broke—
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke—
 Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
 Pale—mute—and mournfully sedate.—
 To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
 But little from his aspect learned;
 Equal her grief—yet not the same,
 Her heart confessed a gentler flame— 260
 But yet that heart alarmed or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak—

Yet speak she must—but when essay—
“How strange he thus should turn away!”
“Not thus we e’er before have met,
“Not thus shall be our parting yet.”—
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed—
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul’s¹⁵ perfume, 270
And sprinkled all it’s odours o’er
The pictured roof¹⁶ and marble floor—
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl’s appeal address,
Unheeded o’er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too—
“What sullen yet? it must not be—
“Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!”
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land— 280
“He loved them once—may touch them yet,
“If offered by Zuleika’s hand.”
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was pluck’d and wreathed—

The next fond moment saw her seat
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet—
 " This rose to calm my brother's cares
 " A message from the Bulbul¹⁷ bears;
 " It says to-night he will prolong,
 " For Selim's ear his sweetest song— 290
 " And though his note is somewhat sad,
 " He'll try for once a strain more glad,
 " With some faint hope his altered lay
 " May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

" What—not receive my foolish flower?—
 " Nay then I am indeed unblest:
 " On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 " And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 " Oh, Selim dear!—Oh, more than dearest!
 " Say, is it I thou hat'st or fearest? 300
 " Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 " And I will kiss thee into rest,
 " Since words of mine—and songs must fail,
 " Even from my fabled nightingale.

- “ I knew our sire at times was stern,
“ But this from thee had yet to learn—
“ Too well I know he loves thee not,
“ But is Zuleika’s love forgot?
“ Ah! deem I right? the Pacha’s plan—
“ This kinsman Bey of Carasman 310
“ Perhaps may prove some foe of thine—
“ If so—I swear by Mecca’s shrine,
“ If shrines, that ne’er approach allow
“ To woman’s step, admit her vow—
“ Without thy free consent, command—
“ The Sultan should not have my hand!
“ Think’st thou that I could bear to part
“ With thee—and learn to halve my heart?
“ Ah! were I severed from thy side,
“ Where were thy friend—and who my guide? 320
“ Years have not seen—Time shall not see
“ The hour that tears my soul from thee—
“ Even Azrael¹⁸ from his deadly quiver
“ When flies that shaft—and fly it must—
“ That parts all else—shall doom for ever
“ Our hearts to undivided dust!”

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt—
He raised the maid from where she knelt—
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt— 330
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.—
As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows—
When it rushes revealed
In the light of its billows,—
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it—
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A warhorse at the trumpet's sound, 340
A lion roused by heedless hound;
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed.

- “ Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
“ With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;—
“ Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
“ Though sworn by one, hath bound us both. 350
“ Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done,
“ That vow hath saved more heads than one :—
“ But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
“ Claims more from me than tenderness ;
“ I would not wrong the slenderest hair
“ That clusters round thy forehead fair,
“ For all the treasures buried far
“ Within the caves of Istakar.¹⁹
“ This morning clouds upon me lowered,
“ Reproaches on my head were showered, 360
“ And Giaffir almost called me coward !
“ Now I have motive to be brave,
“ The son of his neglected slave :
“ Nay, start not—’twas the term he gave—
“ May shew, though little apt to vaunt,
“ A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
“ *His* son, indeed !—yet, thanks to thee,
“ Perchance I am, at least shall be ;

- " But let our plighted secret vow
 " Be only known to us as now. 370
 " I know the wretch who dares demand
 " From Giaffir thy reluctant hand ;
 " More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 " Holds not a Musselim's ²⁰ control ;
 " Was he not bred in Egripo ? ²¹
 " A viler race let Israel show !
 " But let that pass—to none be told
 " Our oath—the rest shall time unfold ;
 " To me and mine leave Osman Bey,
 " I've partizans for peril's day ; 380
 " Think not I am what I appear,
 " I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

- " Think not thou art what thou appearest !
 " My Selim, thou art sadly changed ;
 " This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest,
 " But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
 " My love thou surely knew'st before,
 " It ne'er was less, nor can be more.

- “ To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
“ And hate the night I know not why, 390
“ Save that we meet not but by day—
“ With thee to live, with thee to die,
“ I dare not to my hope deny :
“ Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
“ Like this—and this—no more than this,
“ For, Alla ! sure thy lips are flame,
“ What fever in thy veins is flushing ?
“ My own have nearly caught the same,
“ At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
“ To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health, 400
“ Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
“ Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,
“ And lighten half thy poverty ;
“ Do all but close thy dying eye,
“ For that I could not live to try ;
“ To these alone my thoughts aspire—
“ More can I do ? or thou require ?
“ But, Selim, thou must answer why
“ We need so much of mystery ?

- “ The cause I cannot dream nor tell, 410
“ But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well ;
“ Yet what thou mean'st by ' arms' and ' friends',
“ Beyond my weaker sense extends—
“ I meant that Giaffir should have heard
“ The very vow I plighted thee ;
“ His wrath would not revoke my word—
“ But surely he would leave me free ;
“ Can this fond wish seem strange in me
“ To be what I have ever been ?
“ What other hath Zuleika seen 420
“ From simple childhood's earliest hour ?
“ What other can she seek to see
“ Than thee, companion of her bower,
“ The partner of her infancy ?
“ These cherished thoughts with life begun,
“ Say, why must I no more avow ?
“ What change is wrought to make me shun
“ The truth—my pride—and thine till now ?
“ To meet the gaze of strangers eyes
“ Our law, our creed, our God denies ; 430
“ Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
“ At such, our Prophet's will, repine :

- “ No—happier made by that decree,
“ He left me all in leaving thee.
“ Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
“ To wed with one I ne’er beheld—
“ This—wherefore should I not reveal?
“ Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
“ I know the Pacha’s haughty mood
“ To thee hath never boded good; 440
“ And he so often storms at nought,
“ Allah ! forbid that e’er he ought !
“ And why I know not, but within
“ My heart concealment weighs like sin.
“ If then such secrecy be crime,
“ And such it feels while lurking here ;
“ Oh, Selim ! tell me yet in time,
“ Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
“ Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar, ”
“ My father leaves the mimic war ; 450
“ I tremble now to meet his eye—
“ Say, Selim, can’st thou tell me why ? ”

XIV.

- “ Zuleika—to thy tower’s retreat
“ Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet;
“ And now with him I fain must prate
“ Of firmans, imposts, levies, state :
“ There’s fearful news from Danube’s banks,
“ Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
“ For which the Giour may give him thanks!
“ Our Sultan hath a shorter way 460
“ Such costly triumph to repay.
“ But, mark me, when the twilight drum
“ Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
“ Unto thy cell will Selim come:
“ Then softly from the Haram creep
“ Where we may wander by the deep,
“ Our garden-battlements are steep :
“ Nor these will rash intruder climb
“ To list our words, or stint our time ;
“ And if he doth—I want not steel 470
“ Which some have felt, and more may feel.
“ Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
“ Than thou hast heard or thought before;

“ Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me !

“ Thou know’st I hold a Haram key.”

“ Fear thee, my Selim ! ne’er till now

“ Did word like this—”

“ Delay not thou ;

“ I keep the key—and Haroun’s guard

“ Have *some*, and hope, of *more* reward. 480

“ To night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear

“ My tale, my purpose, and my fear—

“ I am not, love ! what I appear.”

END OF CANTO I.

THE
BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO II.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love—who sent—forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft, and tides below, 10
With signs and sounds forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;

His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hail'd above ;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 " Ye waves divide not lovers long !"
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

'The winds are high—and Helle's tide 20
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain;
 The desart of old Priam's pride—
 The tombs—sole relics of his reign—
 All, save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been,
 These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne— 30
 Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn—
 To trace again those fields of yore—

Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes—
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont"²³ still dashes—
Be long my lot—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill 40
That moon, which shone on his high theme—
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;—
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's²⁴ son ran proudly round,
By nations rais'd, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow! 50
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath.

Dust long outlasts the storied stone—
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away; 60
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes, there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;²⁵
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
How could she thus that gem forget?
Her mother's sainted amulet,²⁶
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text, 70
Could smooth this life, and win the next;

And by her Comboloio²⁷ lies
A Koran of illumin'd dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom, 80
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room—
But yet it hath an air of gloom.—
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear ; 90

With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn 100
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be—
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure

His bower in other worlds of bliss, 110
 Without *her* most beloved in this!
 Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
 What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seem'd wrought within the grot:
 It might be only that the night
 Disguis'd things seen by better light—
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw
 A ray of no celestial hue;
 But in a nook within the cell 120
 Her eye on stranger objects fell.
 There arms were piled, not such as wield
 The turban'd Delis in the field;
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
 And one was red—perchance with guilt—
 Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
 A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet.
 What may this mean—she turn'd to see
 Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?" 130

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreath'd lightly round, his temples wore:—
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced.
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung 140
The cloak of white—the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast—
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye—and tone and hand—
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.²⁸ 150

X.

" I said I was not what I seemed—

" And now thou seest my words were true;

" I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,

" If sooth—its truth must others rue.

" My story now 'twere vain to hide,

" I must not see thee Osman's bride:

" But had not thine own lips declared

" How much of that young heart I shared,

" I could not, must not, yet have shown

" The darker secret of my own.—

160

" In this I speak not now of love—

" That—let time, truth, and peril prove;

" But first—Oh! never wed another—

" Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

" Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—

" God! am I left alone on earth?—

" To mourn—I dare not curse—the day

" That saw my solitary birth!

“ Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!

“ My sinking heart foreboded ill;

170

“ But know *me* all I was before,

“ Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.

“ Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;

“ If thou hast cause for vengeance—See!

“ My breast is offered—take thy fill!

“ Far better with the dead to be

“ Than live thus nothing now to thee—

“ Perhaps far worse—for now I know

“ Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe;

“ And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,

180

“ For whom thou wert contemned—reviled—

“ If not thy sister—wouldst thou save

“ My life—Oh! bid me be thy slave!”

XII.

“ My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:

“ But, gentle love, this transport calm,

“ Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine;

“ I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,

“ And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.

- “ So may the Koran²⁹ verse displayed
“ Upon its steel direct my blade, 190
“ In danger’s hour to guard us both,
“ As I preserve that awful oath !
“ The name in which thy heart hath prided
“ Must change—but, my Zuleika, know,
“ That tie is widened—not divided—
“ Although thy Sire’s my deadliest foe.
“ My father was to Giaffir all
“ That Selim late was deemed to thee ;
“ That brother wrought a brother’s fall,
“ But spared—at least, my infancy— 200
“ And lulled me with a vain deceit
“ That yet a like return may meet.
“ He reared me—not with tender help—
“ But like the nephew of a Cain,³⁰
“ He watched me like a lion’s whelp,
“ That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
“ My father’s blood in every vein
“ Is boiling—but for thy dear sake
“ No present vengeance will I take—
“ Though here I must no more remain. 210

“ But first—beloved Zuleika!—hear

“ How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

“ How first their strife to rancour grew—

“ If love or envy made them foes—

“ It matters little if I knew ;

“ In fiery spirits, slights though few

“ And thoughtless will disturb repose :

“ In war Abdallah’s arm was strong,

“ Remembered yet in Bosniac song,

“ And Paswan’s³¹ rebel hordes attest

220

“ How little love they bore such guest.

“ His death is all I need relate,

“ The stern effect of Giaffir’s hate ;

“ And how my birth disclosed to me,

“ Whate’er beside it makes—hath made me—free.

XIV.

“ When Paswan, after years of strife,

“ At last for power—but first for life—

“ In Widim’s walls too proudly sate—

“ Our Pachas rallied round the state ;

“ Nor last nor least in high command 230

“ Each brother led a separate band;

“ They gave their horsetails³² to the wind,

“ And mustering in Sophia’s plain

“ Their tents were pitched—their post assigned—

“ To one, alas! assigned in vain!—

“ What need of words?—the deadly bowl,

“ By Giaffir’s order drugged and given,

“ With venom subtle as his soul,

“ Dismissed Abdallah’s hence to heaven.

“ Reclined and feverish in the bath, 240

“ He, when the hunter’s sport was up,

“ But little deemed a brother’s wrath

“ To quench his thirst had such a cup.

“ The bowl a bribed attendant bore,

“ He drank one draught³³—nor needed more!

“ If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt—

“ Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

“ The deed once done—and Paswan’s feud

“ In part suppressed—though ne’er subdued—

“ Abdallah’s Pachalick was gained— 250

“ (Thou know’st not what in our Divan

“ Can wealth procure for worse than man):

“ Abdallah’s honours were obtained

“ By him a brother’s murder stained ;

“ ’Tis true—the purchase nearly drained

“ His ill got treasure—soon replaced—

“ Would’st question whence?—Survey the waste—

“ And ask the squalid peasant how

“ His gains repay his broiling brow !

“ Why me the stern usurper spared, 260

“ Why thus with me his palace shared,

“ I know not.—Shame—regret—remorse—

“ And little fear from infant’s force—

“ Besides—adoption as a son

“ By him whom Heaven accorded none:

“ Or some unknown cabal—caprice—

“ Preserved me thus, but not in peace ;

“ He cannot curb his haughty mood,

“ Nor I forgive a father’s blood.

XVI.

“ Within thy father’s house are foes— 270

“ Not all who break his bread are true;

“ To these should I my birth disclose,

“ His days—his very hours were few :

“ They only want a heart to lead,

“ A hand to point them to the deed.

“ But Haroun only knows—or knew

“ This tale—whose close is almost nigh—

“ He in Abdallah’s palace grew,

“ And held that post in his Serai

“ Which holds he here—he saw him die : 280

“ But what could single slavery do ?

“ Avenge his lord—alas ! too late—

“ Or save his son from such a fate ?

“ He chose the last—and when elate

“ With foes subdued—or friends betrayed—

“ Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,

“ He led me helpless to his gate,

“ And not in vain it seems essayed

“ To save the life for which he prayed.

" The knowledge of my birth secured 290

" From all and each—but most from me ;

" Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured,

" Removed he too from Roumelie

" To this our Asiatic side,

" Far from our seats by Danube's tide—

" With none but Haroun, who retains

" Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels

" A tyrant's secrets are but chains,

" From which the captive gladly steals,

" And this and more to me reveals. 300

" Such still to guilt just Alla sends

" Slaves—tools—accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

" All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds

" But harsher still my tale must be,

" Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,

" Yet I must prove all truth to thee;

" I saw thee start this garb to see,

" Yet is it one I oft have worn,

" And long must wear—this Galiongee

" To whom thy plighted vow is sworn, 310

- “ Is leader of those pirate hordes,
“ Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
“ To hear whose desolating tale
“ Would make thy waning cheek more pale;
“ Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
“ The hands that wield are not remote;
“ This cup too for the rugged knaves
“ Is filled—once quaffed, they ne'er repine,
“ Our Prophet might forgive the slaves,
“ They're only infidels in wine. 320

XVIII.

- “ What could I be?—Proscribed at home,
“ And taunted to a wish to roam;
“ And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
“ Denied the courser and the spear;
“ Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft
“ In full Divan the despot scoffed,
“ As if *my* weak unwilling hand
“ Refused the bridle or the brand:
“ He ever went to war alone,
“ And pent me here untried—unknown— 330

“ To Haroun’s care with women left,
“ By hope unblest—of fame bereft.
“ While thou—whose softness long endeared,
“ Though it unmanned me, still had cheered—
“ To Brusa’s walls for safety sent,
“ Awaited’st there the field’s event ;—
“ Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 “ Beneath inaction’s sluggish yoke,
“ His captive, though with dread resigning,
 “ My thralldom for a season broke ; 340
“ On promise to return before
“ The day when Giaffir’s charge was o’er.
“ ’Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
“ My almost drunkenness of heart,
“ When first this liberated eye
“ Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun and Sky !
“ As if my spirit pierced them through,
“ And all their inmost wonders knew—
“ One word alone can paint to thee
“ That more than feeling—I was Free ! 350
“ E’en for thy presence ceased to pine—
“ The World—nay—Heaven itself was mine !

XIX.

“ The shallop of a trusty Moor
“ Conveyed me from this idle shore ;
“ I longed to see the isles that gem
“ Old Ocean’s purple diadem :
“ I sought by turns, and saw them all,³⁴
“ But when and where I joined the crew,
“ With whom I’m pledged to rise or fall,
“ When all that we design to do 360
“ Is done—’twill then be time more meet
“ To tell thee, when the tale’s complete.

XX.

“ ’Tis true—they are a lawless brood,
“ But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
“ And every creed, and every race,
“ With them hath found—may find a place ;
“ But open speech, and ready hand,
“ Obedience to their chief’s command ;
“ A soul for every enterprize,
“ That never sees with terror’s eyes ; 370
“ Friendship for each, and faith to all,
“ And vengeance vow’d for those who fall ;
“ Have made them fitting instruments,
“ For more than even my own intents.

“ And some—and I have studied all

“ Distinguish’d from the vulgar rank,

“ But chiefly to my council call

“ The wisdom of the cautious Frank :—

“ And some to higher thoughts aspire,

“ The last of Lambro’s³⁵ patriots there 380

“ Anticipated freedom share;

“ And oft around the cavern fire

“ On visionary schemes debate,

“ To snatch the Rayahs³⁶ from their fate.—

“ So let them ease their hearts with prate

“ Of equal rights, which man ne’er knew,

“ I have a love for freedom too.

“ Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch³⁷ roam,

“ Or only know on land the Tartar’s home,³⁸

“ My tent on shore—my galley on the sea— 390

“ Are more than cities and Serais to me;

“ Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,

“ Across the desert, or before the gale,

“ Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide my prow,

“ But be the star that guides the wanderer—Thou!

“ Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark—

“ The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!

- “ Or since that hope denied in worlds of strife—
“ Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
“ The evening beam that smiles the clouds away, 400
“ And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
“ Blest—as the Muezzin’s strain from Mecca’s wall
“ To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
“ Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
“ That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
“ Dear—as his native song to Exile’s ears,
“ Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
“ For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
“ Blooming as Aden³⁹ in its earliest hour.
“ A thousand swords—with Selim’s heart and hand— 410
“ Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
“ Girt by my band—Zuleika at my side—
“ The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride:—
“ The Haram’s languid years of listless ease
“ Are well resign’d for cares—for joys like these:
“ Not blind to fate—I see where’er I rove
“ Unnumber’d perils—but one only love!
“ Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
“ Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
“ How dear the dream! in darkest hours of ill, 420
“ Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!

“ Be but thy soul, like Selim’s, firmly shown—

“ To thee, be Selim’s tender as thine own!

“ To soothe each sorrow—share in each delight—

“ Blend every thought—do all but disunite!

“ Once free—’tis mine our horde again to guide—

“ Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:—

“ Yet there we follow but the bent assign’d

“ By fatal Nature to man’s warring kind,

“ Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease— 430

“ He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace!

“ I like the rest must use my skill or strength,

“ But ask no land beyond my sabre’s length;—

“ Power sways but by division—her resource

“ The blest alternative of fraud or force!

“ Ours be the last—in time deceit may come

“ When cities cage us in a social home:

“ There even thy soul might err—how oft the heart

“ Corruption shakes—which Peril could not part!—

“ And woman, more than man, when death or woe 440

“ Or even Disgrace would lay her lover low—

“ Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—

“ Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika’s name!

“ But life is hazard at the best—and here

“ No more remains to win, and much to fear—

- “ Yes, fear! the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
“ By Osman’s power, and Giaffir’s stern decree—
“ That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
“ Which Love to night hath promised to my sail—
“ No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest, 450
“ Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest;
“ With thee all toils are sweet—each clime hath charms,
“ Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
“ Ay—let the loud winds whistle o’er the deck—
“ So that those arms cling closer round my neck—
“ The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
“ No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
“ The war of elements no fears impart
“ To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art
“ *There* lie the only rocks our course can check, 460
“ *Here* moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
“ But hence ye thoughts! that rise in Horror’s shape—
“ This hour bestows—or ever bars escape—
“ Few words remain of mine my tale to close—
“ Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes:—
“ Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir’s hate decline?
“ And is not Osman—who would part us—thine?

XXI.

- " His head and faith from doubt and death
 " Returned in time my guard to save ;
 " Few heard—none told—that o'er the wave 470
" From isle to isle I roved the while ;
" And since, though parted from my band
" Too seldom now I leave the land ;
" No deed they've done—nor deed shall do,
" Ere I have heard and doomed it too ;
" I form the plan, decree the spoil,
" 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
" But now too long I've held thine ear,
" Time presses—floats my bark—and here
" We leave behind but hate and fear. 480
" To-morrow Osman with his train
" Arrives—to-night must break thy chain ;
" And would'st thou save that haughty Bey
 " Perchance—*his* life who gave thee thine—
" With me this hour away—away—
 " But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
" Would'st thou recal thy willing vow,
" Appalled by truths imparted now—

" Here rest I—not to see thee wed,

" But be that peril on *my* head!" 490

XXII.

Zuleika—mute and motionless,

Stood like that statue of distress—

When, her last hope for ever gone,

The mother hardened into stone ;

All in the maid that eye could see

Was but a younger Niobé!—

But ere her lip, or even her eye,

Essayed to speak, or look reply—

Beneath the garden's wicket porch

Far flashed on high a blazing torch! 500

Another—and another—and another—

" Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"

Far—wide through every thicket spread

The fearful lights are gleaming red ;

Nor these alone—for each right hand

Is ready with a sheathless brand :—

They part, pursue, return, and wheel

With searching flambeau, shining steel ;

And last of all his sabre waving,
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving, 510
 And now almost they touch the cave—
 Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—
 " One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last;
 " But yet my band not far from shore
 " May hear this signal—see the flash—
 " Yet now too few—the attempt were rash—
 " No matter—yet one effort more."
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept,
 His pistol's echo rang on high: 520
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumbed her breast and eye!
 " They hear me not, or if they ply
 " Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
 " That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
 " Then forth my father's scimitar,
 " Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!

- " Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire—
 " Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 " At thee his rage will only chafe.— 530
 " Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
 " Some erring blade or ball should glance :
 " Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
 " If in this strife I seek thy sire!—
 " No—though by him that poison poured—
 " No—though again he call me coward!—
 " But tamely shall I meet their steel?
 " No—as each crest save *his* may feel!

XXIV.

- One bound he made, and gained the sand—
 Already at his feet hath sunk 540
 The foremost of the prying band—
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk ;
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes :
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave ;—
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate strength—

Oh! are they yet in time to save?

His feet the foremost breakers lave;

550

His band are plunging in the bay,

Their sabres glitter through the spray;

Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand

They struggle—now they touch the land!

They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—

His heart's best blood is on the water!

XXV.

Escaped from shot—unharm'd by steel,

Or scarcely grazed it's force to feel—

Had Selim won—betrayed—beset—

To where the strand and billows met—

560

There as his last step left the land,

And the last death-blow dealt his hand—

Ah! wherefore did he turn to look

For her his eye but sought in vain?

That pause—that fatal gaze he took—

Hath doomed his death—or fixed his chain—

Sad proof—in peril and in pain

How late will Lover's hope remain!—

His back was to the dashing spray—

Behind but close—his comrades lay—

570

When at the instant, hissed the ball,
" So may the foes of Giaffir fall !"
Whose voice is heard ? whose carbine rang ?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang ?
Too nearly—deadly aimed to err—
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer !
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate—
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling, 580
If aught his lips essayed to groan
The rushing billows choaked the tone !—

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away—
Few trophies of the fight are there—
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent—but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear—
And fragments of each shivered brand—
Steps stamped—and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand 590
May there be marked—nor far remote
A broken torch—an oarless boat—
And tangled on the weeds that heap

The beach where shelving to the deep—

There lies a white Capote !

'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain

The wave yet ripples o'er in vain—

But where is he who wore ?

Ye ! who would o'er his relics weep

Go—seek them where the surges sweep 600

Their burthen round Sigæum's steep

And cast on Lemnos' shore :

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,

O'er which their hungry beaks delay—

As shaken on his restless pillow,

His head heaves with the heaving billow—

That hand—whose motion is not life—

Yet feebly seems to menace strife—

Flung by the tossing tide on high,

Then levelled with the wave— 610

What recks it ? though that corse shall lie

Within a living grave ?

The bird that tears that prostrate form

Hath only robbed the meaner worm !

The only heart—the only eye—

Had bled or wept to see him die,

Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
 And mourned above his turban-stone—⁴⁰
 That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
 Yea—closed before his own! 620

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
 And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale—
 Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destin'd lord is come too late—
 He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!—
 Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh ⁴¹ warn his distant ear?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chaunters of the hymn of fate—
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait, 630
 Sighs in the hall—and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill—
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—

And that last thought on him thou'could'st not save

Sufficed to kill—

Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still—

Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave! 640

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst,

That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!

Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force

Of absence—shame—pride—hate—revenge—remorse!

And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies—

The Worm that will not sleep—and never dies—

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,

That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light—

That winds around, and tears the quiv'ring heart—

Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart! 650

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!

Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head—

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled—

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief—

Thy pride of heart—thy bride for Osman's bed—

She—whom thy sultan had but seen to wed—

Thy Daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age—thy twilight's lonely beam—

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream— 660

What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!

Hark—to the hurried question of Despair!

“Where is my child?”—an Echo answers—“Where?”⁴²

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs

That shine beneath, while dark above

The sad but living cypress glooms

And withers not, though branch and leaf

Are stamped with an eternal grief;

Like early unrequited Love!

One spot exists—which ever blooms, 670

Ev'n in that deadly grove.—

A single rose is shedding there

It's lonely lustre, meek and pale,

It looks as planted by Despair—

So white—so faint—the slightest gale

Might whirl the leaves on high;

And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 — May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again ! 680

The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears.

For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
 And buds unsheltered by a bower,
 Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower
 Nor woos the summer beam,—
 To it the livelong night there sings

A bird unseen—but not remote— 690
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note !

It were the Bulbul—but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain ;
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve
 As if they loved in vain !

And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread, 700
They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
But when the day-blush bursts from high—
 Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame,) 710
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.⁴³
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word—
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone,
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone !
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore ; 720

For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—
 Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave—
 And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head—
 And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
 Where first it lay—that mourning flower
 Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour— 730
 Alone—and dewy—coldly pure and pale—
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

10/11/72.

F. 873

NOTES.

Note 1, page 1, line 8.

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom.

“Gúl,” the rose.

Note 2, page 2, line 2.

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

“Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,”

“With whom Revenge is Virtue.”

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

Note 3, page 4, line 16.

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song.

Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

Note 4, page 4, line 17.

Till I, who heard the deep tambour.

Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Note 5, page 8, line 3.

He is an Arab to my sight.

The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Note 6, page 9, line 18.

The mind—the Music breathing from her face.

This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to “Him who hath not Music in his soul,” but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps, of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between “painting and music,” see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L’ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

Note 7, page 10, line 20.

But yet the line of Carasman.

Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey, he governs Magnesia; those, who by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Note 8, page 11, line 11.

And teach the messenger what fate.

When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultán's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

Note 9, page 12, line 10.

Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed.

Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

Note 10, page 12, line 11.

Resign'd his gem-adorned Chibouque.

Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

Note 11, page 12, line 13.

With Maugrabee—and Mamaluke.

Maugrabee, Moorish mercenaries.

Note 12, page 12, line 14.

His way amid his Delis took.

Deli, bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Note 13, page 13, line 6.

Careering cleave the folded felt.

A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

Note 14, page 13, line 9.

Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud.

“Ollahs,” Alla il Allah, the “Leilies,” as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

Note 15, page 14, line 8.

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume.

“Atar-gul,” ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Note 16, page 14, line 10.

The pictured roof and marble floor.

The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eter-

nal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c. are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

Note 17, page 15, line 4.

A message from the Bulbul bears.

It has been much doubted whether the notes of this " Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the " *errare mallem*," &c. if Mr. Fox was mistaken.

Note 18, page 16, line 19.

Even Azrael from his deadly quiver.

" Azrael"—the angel of death.

Note 19, page 18, line 12.

Within the caves of Istakar.

The treasures of the Preadamite Sultans. See D'HERBELOT, article *Istakar*.

Note 20, page 19, line 6.

Holds not a Musselim's control.

Musselim, a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

Note 21, page 19, line 7.

Was he not bred in Egripo.

Egripo—the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Note 22, page 22, line 17.

Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar.

“ Tchocadar”—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority,

Note 23, page 27, line 4.

Thine own “ broad Hellespont ” still dashes.

The wrangling about this epithet, “ the broad Hellespont ” or the “ boundless Hellespont,” whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time, and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of “ the tale of Troy divine ” still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word “ *απειρος* : ” probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

Note 24, page 27, line 15.

Which Ammon's son ran proudly round.

Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus; the first is in the centre of the plain.

Note 25, page 28, line 14.

O'er which her fairy fingers ran.

When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.

Note 26, page 28, line 17.

Her mother's sainted amulet.

The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Note 27, page 29, line 1.

And by her Comboloio lies.

“Comboloio”—a Turkish rosary. The MSS. particularly

those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie; perhaps some of our own “*blues*” might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

Note 28, page 32, line 20.

In him was some young Galiongée.

“Galiongée”—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a *Turkish* sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver, are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession), at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Note 29, page 35, line 1.

So may the Koran verse displayed.

The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea

that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was “*piu feroce*.” I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

Note 30, page 35, line 16.

But like the nephew of a Cain.

It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; indeed the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own Sacred writ, and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife, and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is therefore no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Note 31, page 36, line 10.

And Paswan's rebel hordes attest.

Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who for the last years of his life set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Note 32, page 37, line 3.

They gave their horsetails to the wind.

Horsetail, the standard of a Pacha.

Note 33, page 37, line 16.

He drank one draught—nor needed more!

Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

Note 34, page 43, line 5.

I sounge by turns, and saw them all.

The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Note 35, page 44, line 6.

The last of Lambro's patriots there.

Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789—90 for the independence of his country; abandoned by the Russians he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprizes. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

Note 36, page 44, line 10.

To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.

“Rayahs,” all who pay the capitation tax, called the “Haratch.”

Note 37, page 44, line 14.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam.

This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Note 38, page 44, line 15.

Or only know on land the Tartar's home.

The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

Note 39, page 45, line 12.

Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.

"Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman Paradise.

Note 40, page 55, line 2.

And mourned above his turban-stone.

A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.

Note 41, page 55, line 11.

The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear.

The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.

Note 42, page 57, line 7.

"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"

"I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

From an Arabic MS.

The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader—it is given in the first annotation, page 67, of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

Note 43, page 59, line 12.

Into Zuleika's name.

"And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."

MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George II. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the Cathedral with cages-full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly.—For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.

THE END.

THE CORSAIR.

THE CORSAIR.

THE CORSAIR

THE CORSAIR

THE CORSAIR,

A TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

“ ——— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.”

TASSO, *Canto decimo, Gerusalemme Liberata.*

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET;

By Thomas Davison, Whitefriars.

1814.

THE CORSAIR

1800

BY JOHN B. COLE

THE CORSAIR, OR THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK RABBIT, A CORSAIR, WHO WAS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH NAVY, AND TAKEN TO THE GALLES, WHERE HE WAS CONFINED IN PRISON, AND AT LAST ESCAPED, AND RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY, AND WAS RECOVERED BY HIS FRIENDS, AND LIVED A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. B. COLE, AT THE CORN-LANE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

1800.

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years ; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots—while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the

decree—permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble, but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when

he denominated his Oriental, his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians. May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but for some years to come it is my intention to tempt no further the award of “Gods, men, nor columns.” In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best

adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet:—the stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart; and Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius. In blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and

take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of “drawing from self,” the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving.

I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than “The Giaour,” and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever “alias” they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to

me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends—the poet of all circles—and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

most truly,

and affectionately,

his obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

THE CORSAIR,

A TALE.

CANTO I.

“ ——— nessun maggior dolore,
“ Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
“ Nella miseria, ——— ”

DANTE.

I.

“ O’ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
“ Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
“ Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
“ Survey our empire and behold our home !
“ These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
“ Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
“ Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
“ From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
“ Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave !
“ Whose soul would sicken o’er the heaving wave; 10

- “ Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
“ Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
“ Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
“ And danc’d in triumph o’er the waters wide,
“ The exulting sense—the pulse’s maddening play,
“ That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?
“ That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
“ And turn what some deem danger to delight ;
“ That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
“ And where the feebler faint—can only feel— 20
“ Feel—to the rising bosom’s inmost core,
“ Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?
“ No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
“ Save that it seems even duller than repose :
“ Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
“ When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife ?
“ Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
“ Cling to his couch, and sicken years away ;
“ Heave his thick breath ; and shake his palsied head ;
“ Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed. 30
“ While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
“ Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes controul.

" His corse may boast it's urn and narrow cave,
 " And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave :
 " Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 " When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
 " For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 " In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
 " And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 " When those who win at length divide the prey, 40
 " And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 " How had the brave who fell exulted *now* !"

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle,
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while ;
 Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
 And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song !
 In scattered groupes upon the golden sand,
 They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand ;
 Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
 And careless eye the blood that dims its shine : 50
 Repair the boat—replace the helm or oar,
 While others straggling muse along the shore ;

For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net :
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprize—
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil :
No matter where—their chief's allotment this—
Theirs—to believe no prey nor plan amiss. 60
But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command—
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too ; 70
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.

But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.
“Steer to that shore!”—they sail. “Do this!”—’tis done :
“Now form and follow me!”—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few enquire his will ; 80
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

“A sail!—a sail!”—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail :
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is our’s—a home returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray ; 90
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes.
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife—

Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings ;
The sails are furl'd ; and anchoring round she swings :
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern. 100
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout !—the friendly speech !
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach ;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity !

V.

The tidings spread—and gathering grows the crowd :
The hum of voices—and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard— 109
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word.
“ Oh ! are they safe ? we ask not of success—
“ But shall we see them ? will their accents bless ?

“ From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—

“ They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?

“ Here let them haste to gladden and surprize,

“ And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!”

VI.

“ Where is our chief? for him we bear report—

“ And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short,

“ Yet thus sincere—’tis cheering, though so brief;

“ But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief: 120

“ Our greeting paid, we’ll feast on our return,

“ And all shall hear what each may wish to learn.”

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,

To where his watch-tower beetles o’er the bay,

By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,

And freshness breathing from each silver spring,

Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst,

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;

From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,

What lonely straggler looks along the wave? 130

In pensive posture leaning on the brand,

Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

“ ’Tis he—’tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone,
“ On—Juan! on—and make our purpose known.
“ The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
“ His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
“ We dare not yet approach—thou know’st his mood,
“ When strange or uninvited steps intrude.”

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent—
He spake not—but a sign express’d assent. 140
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
“ These letters, chief, are from the Greek—the spy—
“ Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh;
“ Whate’er his tidings, we can well report,
“ Much that”—“Peace, peace!”—he cuts their prating short.
Wondering they turn—abashed—while each to each
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took; 150
But—this as if he guess’d—with head aside—
Perchance from some emotion—doubt, or pride—

He read the scroll—" My tablets, Juan, hark—

" Where is Gonsalvo?"

" In the anchored bark."

" There let him stay—to him this order bear.

" Back to your duty—for my course prepare :

" Myself this enterprize to-night will share."

" To-night, Lord Conrad?"

" Ay! at set of sun : 160

" The breeze will freshen when the day is done.

" My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are gone.

" Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust,

" My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust ;

" Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,

" And give it's guard more room to fit my hand.

" This let the Armourer with speed dispose ;

" Last time—it more fatigued my arm than foes :

" Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,

" To tell us when the hour of stay's expired." 170

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste :
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides,
And who dare question aught that he decides ?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh—
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue ;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles—leads—yet chills the vulgar heart. 180
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain ?
What should it be ? that thus their faith can bind ?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
Linked with success—assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to it's will—
Wields with their hands—but still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one ; 190
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils,
Accuse not—hate not—*him* who wears the spoils.

Oh ! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains !

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eye-brow shades a glance of fire :
Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height ; 200
Yet in the whole—who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men—
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek—his forehead high and pale,—
The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen : 210
His features' deepening lines and varying hue,
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,

As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close enquiry his stern glance could quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect could defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;—
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek, 220
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought—than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell!

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought! 230
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;

The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried step, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear: 240
Then—with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart—
That rise—convulse—subside—that freeze, or glow,
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow,
Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!
Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years!
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
Man as himself—the secret spirit free? 250

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—

His soul was changed—before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise—in conduct *there* a fool—
Too firm to yield—and far too proud to stoop—
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betrayed him still; 260
Nor deem'd that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again.
Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her force,
He hated man too much to feel remorse—
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did. 270
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loath'd him crouch'd and dreaded too.
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:

His name could sadden, and his acts surprize ;
 But they that fear'd him dared not to despise :
 Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
 The slumbering venom of the folded snake.

XII.

None are all evil—clinging round his heart,
 One softer feeling would not yet depart ; 280
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguil'd
 By passions worthy of a fool or child—
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
 And even in him it asks the name of Love !
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged—
 Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;
 Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
 He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by ;
 Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,
 None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour. 290
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,
 Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
 And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by time—

Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she ne'er to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent—
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart ; 300
Which nought remov'd—nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love !
He was a villain—aye—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one !

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
“ Strange tidings!—many a peril have I past,
“ Nor know I why this next appears the last ! 310
“ Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
“ Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
“ 'Tis rash to meet—but surer death to wait—
“ Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate,

- “ And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
“ We’ll furnish mourners for our funeral-pile.
“ Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
“ Morn ne’er awoke them with such brilliant beams
“ As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
“ To warm these slow avengers of the seas. 320
“ Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
“ Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
“ Yet was I brave—mean boast! where all are brave—
“ Ev’n insects sting for aught they seek to save—
“ This common courage which with brutes we share,
“ That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
“ Small merit claims—but ’twas my nobler hope
“ To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
“ Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
“ No medium now—we perish or succeed! 330
“ So let it be—it irks not me to die;
“ But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly—
“ My lot hath long had little of my care,
“ But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
“ Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
“ Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?

“ Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—

“ She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late.”

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he—till

He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill : 340

There at the portal paus'd—for wild and soft

He heard those accents never heard too oft ;

Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,

And these the notes his bird of beauty sung :

1.

“ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,

Lonely and lost to light for evermore,

Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,

Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

“ There in its centre—a sepulchral lamp

Burns the slow flame eternal—but unseen ; 350

Which not the darkness of despair can damp,

Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

“Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline :
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

“My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear :
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove ;
 Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward of so much love!” 360

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
 And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er :
 “My own Medora—sure thy song is sad—”

“In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad ?
 “Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 “Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray :
 “Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
 “My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute !
 “Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclin'd, 369
 “My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,

“ And deem’d the breath that faintly fann’d thy sail—
“ The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;
“ Though soft—it seem’d the low prophetic dirge,
“ That mourn’d thee floating on the savage surge :
“ Still would I rise—to rouse the beacon fire,
“ Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;
“ And many a restless hour outwatch’d each star,
“ And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
“ Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
“ And day broke dreary on my troubled view, 380
“ And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
“ Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
“ At length—’twas noon—I hail’d and blest the mast
“ That met my sight—it near’d—Alas! it past!
“ Another came—Oh God! ’twas thine at last!
“ Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne’er,
“ My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
“ Sure thou hast more than wealth—and many a home
“ As bright as this invites us not to roam :
“ Thou know’st it is not peril that I fear, 390
“ I only tremble when thou art not here ;
“ Then not for mine—but that far dearer life,
“ Which flies from love and languishes for strife—

“ How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
“ Should war with nature and its better will !”

“ Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed,
“ Worm-like ’twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
“ Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
“ And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
“ Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn, 400
“ My very love to thee is hate to them,
“ So closely mingling here, that disentwin’d,
“ I cease to love thee when I love mankind :
“ Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
“ Assures the future that my love will last ;
“ But—Oh, Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart,
“ This hour again—but not for long—we part.”

“ This hour we part !—my heart foreboded this.
“ Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss—
“ This hour—it cannot be—this hour away ! 410
“ Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay.
“ Her consort still is absent—and her crew
“ Have need of rest before they toil anew ;

“ My love! thou mock’st my weakness; and would’st steel

“ My breast before the time when it must feel.

“ But trifle now no more with my distress,

“ Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness :

“ Be silent,—Conrad!—dearest—come and share

“ The feast these hands delighted to prepare—

“ Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare! 420

“ See, I have pluck’d the fruit that promised best,

“ And where not sure, perplex’d, but pleased, I guess’d

“ At such as seem’d the fairest: thrice the hill

“ My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ;

“ Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,

“ See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!

“ The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers—

“ Thou—more than Moslem—when the cup appears—

“ Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice

“ What others deem a penance is thy choice. 430

“ But come—the board is spread—our silver lamp

“ Is trimm’d, and heeds not the Sirocco’s damp:

“ Then shall my handmaids while the time along,

“ And join with me the dance, or wake the song;

“ Or my guitar, which still thou lov’st to hear,

“ Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,

“ We’ll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
“ Of fair Olympia lov’d and left of old.¹
“ Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
“ To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ; 440
“ Or even that traitor chief—I’ve seen thee smile,
“ When the clear sky showed Ariadne’s Isle,
“ Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while :
“ And thus—half sportive—half in fear—I said,
“ Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
“ Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main :
“ And he deceiv’d me—for—he came again !”

“ Again—again—and oft again—my love !
“ If there be life below, and hope above,
“ He will return—but now—the moments bring 450
“ The time of parting with redoubled wing :
“ The why—the where—what boots it now to tell ?
“ Since all must end in that wild word—farewell !
“ Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
“ Fear not—these are no formidable foes ;
“ And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
“ For sudden siege and long defence prepar’d :

“ Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord’s away,
“ Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay ;
“ And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet, 460
“ Security shall make repose more sweet ;
“ List !—’tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
“ One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! Adieu ! ”

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
That downcast droop’d in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o’er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms ;
Scarce beat that bosom—where his image dwelt— 470
So full—*that* feeling seem’d almost unfelt !
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun !
It told ’twas sunset—and he curs’d that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly press’d,
Which mutely clasp’d—imploringly caress’d !
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more—
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss’d her cold forehead—turn’d—is Conrad gone ?

XV.

“ And is he gone ? ”—on sudden solitude 480

How oft that fearful question will intrude ?

“ ’Twas but an instant past—and here he stood !

“ And now ”—without the portal’s porch she rush’d—

And then at length her tears in freedom gush’d,

Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell ;

But still her lips refus’d to send—“ Farewell ! ”

For in that word—that fatal word—howe’er

We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.

O’er every feature of that still, pale face,

Had sorrow fix’d what time can ne’er erase : 490

The tender blue of that large loving eye

Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy—

Till—Oh, how far ! it caught a glimpse of him—

And then it flow’d—and phrenzied seem’d to swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dew’d

With drops of sadness oft to be renew’d.

“ He’s gone ! ”—against her heart that hand is driven,

Convuls’d and quick—then gently raised to heaven ;

She look’d and saw the heaving of the main ;

The white sail set—she dared not look again ; 500

But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—

“It is no dream—and I am desolate!”

XVI.

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped

Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head;

But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way

Forced on his eye what he would not survey—

His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,

That hailed him first when homeward from the deep:

And she—the dim and melancholy star,

Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar, 510

On her he must not gaze, he must not think,

There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink—

Yet once almost he stopp'd—and nearly gave

His fate to chance, his projects to the wave;

But no—it must not be—a worthy chief

May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.

He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,

And sternly gathers all his might of mind:

Again he hurries on—and as he hears

The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears, 520

The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar—
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchor's rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge;
And more than all—his blood-red flag aloft—
He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest ; 530
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew ;
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view :
For well had Conrad learn'd to awe the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen : 540
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ;

All these he wielded to command assent—
 But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
 That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
 And other's gifts shewed mean beside his word—
 When echoed to the heart as from his own,
 His deep yet tender melody of tone :
 But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
 He cared not what he soften'd—but subdued ;— 550
 The evil passions of his youth had made
 Him value less who loved—than what obeyed.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
 Before him Juan stands—" Are all prepared ?"
 " They are—nay more—embarked : the latest boat
 " Waits but my chief——"
 " My sword, and my capote."
 Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
 His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung ;
 " Call Pedro here !" He comes—and Conrad bends,
 With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends ; 560

“ Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
“ Words of high trust, and truth are graven there ;
“ Double the guard, and when Anselmo’s bark
“ Arrives, let him alike these orders mark :
“ In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
“ On our return—till then all peace be thine ! ”
This said, his brother Pirate’s hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
Flash’d the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves’ phosphoric² brightness broke ; 570
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands.
Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn ;
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn ?
Alas ! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o’er the parting hour ;
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow ?
Ah ! never loved he half so much as now ! 580
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day.
Again he mans himself and turns away ;

Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan—his means—and ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate—
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Mean time, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and Falcon-like the vessel flew; 590
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine;
Secure—unnoted—Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie;
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape. 600
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood!

THE CORSAIR.

CANTO II.

“ Conosceste i dubiosi desiri ? ”

DANTE.

I.

IN Coron's bay floats many a Galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, gives a feast to-night :
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home ;
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword, 610
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews—and loud the boast—
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise.

'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won !
Mean time the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill :
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek 620
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek ;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave !
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may !
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile ; 630
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd :
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,

Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,³
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslem's use ;
The long Chibouque's⁴ dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas⁵ to wild minstrelsy : 640
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark ;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark :
And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken-couch than o'er the rugged deep ;
Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
And less to conquest than to Korans trust ;
And yet the numbers crowded in his host
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait, 650
Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore :
“ A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
“ Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.”
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.

His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest ;
 Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears, 660
 Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er :
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone ;
 Submissiye, yet with self-possession mann'd,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd ;
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

IV.

“ Whence com'st thou, Dervise?”

“ From the outlaw's den, 670

“ A fugitive—”

“ Thy capture where and when?”

“ From Scalanova's port to Scio's isle,

“ The Saick was bound ; but Alla did not smile

“ Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains

“ The Rovers won : our limbs have worn their chains.

“ I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
“ Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost ;
“ At length a fisher’s humble boat by night
“ Afforded hope, and offer’d chance of flight :
“ I seized the hour, and find my safety here— 680
“ With thee—most mighty Pacha ! who can fear ?”

“ How speed the outlaws ? stand they well prepared,
“ Their plunder’d wealth, and robber’s rock, to guard ?
“ Dream they of this our preparation, doom’d
“ To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed ?”

“ Pacha ! the fettered captive’s mourning eye
“ That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy ;
“ I only heard the reckless waters roar,
“ Those waves that would not bear me from the shore ;
“ I only mark’d the glorious sun and sky, 690
“ Too bright—too blue—for my captivity ;
“ And felt—that all which Freedom’s bosom cheers,
“ Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
“ This may’st thou judge, at least, from my escape,
“ They little deem of aught in peril’s shape ;

- “ Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
“ That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance :
“ The careless guard that did not see me fly,
“ May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.
“ Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves 700
“ Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves ;
“ Permit my absence—peace be with thee ! Peace
“ With all around !—now grant repose—release.”
“ Stay, Dervise ! I have more to question—stay,
“ I do command thee—sit—dost hear ?—obey !
“ More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring ;
“ Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting :
“ The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
“ Clearly and full—I love not mystery.”
“ Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man, 710
Who look’d not lovingly on that Divan ;
Nor show’d high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.
’Twas but a moment’s peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillized as fast :

He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook :
The feast was usher'd in—but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.
For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast, 720
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

“ What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose
“ This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
“ Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
“ Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
“ Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
“ And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!”

“ Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
“ The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
“ And my stern vow and order's⁶ laws oppose 730
“ To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
“ It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
“ That peril rests upon my single head;
“ But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
“ I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;

"Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage

"To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—

"One question answer; then in peace depart.

"How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day? 740

"What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?

"It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!

"Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!

"The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!

"Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou

"Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,

Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:

Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,

But like a warrior bounding from his barb, 750

Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—

Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,

More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,

Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.

The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below ;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell, 760
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted to and fro the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves ;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai !
He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made ;
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew 770
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew,
'Tis answer'd—“ Well ye speed, my gallant crew !
“ Why did I doubt their quickness of career ?
“ And deem design had left me single here ?”
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway,
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.

The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head : 780
Even Seyd, convuls'd, o'erwhelm'd with rage, surprize,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe !
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight ;
For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait ;
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows ! 790
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tyger mangling in his lair !
But short their greeting—shorter his reply—
“ 'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die.

“ Much hath been done—but more remains to do—

“ Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?” 800

V.

Quick at the word—they seized him each a torch,

And fire the dome from minaret to porch.

A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,

But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry

Of women struck, and like a deadly knell

Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.

“ Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives

“ One female form—remember—we have wives.

“ On them such outrage Vengeance will repay ;

“ Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay : 810

“ But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey.

“ Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive

“ If at my word the helpless cease to live ;

“ Follow who will—I go—we yet have time

“ Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.”

He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,

Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor ;

His breath choak'd gasping with the volumed smoke,

But still from room to room his way he broke :

They search—they find—they save : with lusty arms 820

Each bears a prize of unregarded charms ;

Calm their loud fears ; sustain their sinking frames

With all the care defenceless beauty claims :

So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,

And check the very hands with gore imbrued.

But who is she ? whom Conrad's arms convey

From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—

Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed ?

The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd !

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare^o, 830

Few words to reassure the trembling fair ;

For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,

The foe before retiring, fast and far,

With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,

First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood.

This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,

Compar'd with his, the Corsair's roving crew,

And blushes o'er his error as he eyes

The ruin wrought by panic and surprize.

Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry— 840
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:
“ One effort—one—to break the circling host!”
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compress’d, beset, 850
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemm’d in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o’er;
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o’ercome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,

Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed, 860
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd :
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smooth'd his accents—soften'd in his eye.
'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd,
Seem'd gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha wooed as if he deem'd the slave. 870
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave ;
The Corsair vowed protection, sooth'd affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.
“ The wish is wrong—nay worse for female—vain :
“ Yet much I long to view that chief again ;
“ If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
“ The life—my loving lord remembered not !”

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gathered breathing from the happier dead ;

Far from his band, and battling with a host 880
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
And staunch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law! 890
'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possess;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill.
Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul—he scarcely asked to heaven?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striv'n and struck for death?
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel;
When thus revers'd on faithless fortune's wheel, 900

For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt --
He deeply, darkly felt ; but evil pride
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw—so calmly gaz'd around :
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud, 910
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear—
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there
To note how much the life yet left could bear ;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wretch of pain :
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun, 920

And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.
" Oh ! water —water !" —smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.
This was his doom :—the Leech, the guard were gone,
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone. 930

X.

"Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convuls'd—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse ;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries, " I warn'd thee !" when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice ! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent ! 940

Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And to itself all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought,
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues—
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate ; 950
The hopeless past—the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven ;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot ;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime ;
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
Not cankering less because the more conceal'd—
All—in a word—from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart 960
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.

Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—
 All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall :
 Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
 The only hypocrite deserving praise :
 Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies ;
 But he who looks on death—and silent dies :
 So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,
 He halfway meets him should he menace near ! 970

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower,
 Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.
 His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort
 Contain'd at once his captive and his court.
 Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
 His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same :—
 Alone he sate—in solitude had scann'd
 His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd :
 One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
 “ Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet ? ” 980
 Then—only then—his clanking hands he rais'd,
 And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed ;

But soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd relief,
 And smil'd in self-derision of his grief,
 “ And now come torture when it will—or may—
 “ More need of rest to nerve me for the day!”
 This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
 And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
 For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done; 990
 And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
 She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
 One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
 Disguis'd—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—condemn'd—
 A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
 Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
 Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
 He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
 His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends; 1000
 Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
 No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!

63 rare

Its white arm rais'd a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that clos'd eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute— 1010
Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?

◁ Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare? ▷

Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before—
And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
Worn out with toil, and tir'd with changing blows, 1020
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more—
Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, " can he calmly sleep,
" While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
" And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
" What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
" True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe, 1030
" And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
" 'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
" How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He rais'd his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he liv'd again.
" What is that form? if not a shape of air,
" Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous fair!"

" Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one, 1040
" Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
" Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
" Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.

“ I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—

“ Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.”

“ If so, kind lady! thine the only eye

“ That would not here in that gay hope delight :

“ Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.

“ But still I thank their courtesy or thine,

“ That would confess me at so fair a shrine!” 1050

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief

Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—

That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,

And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles—

And sometimes with the wisest and the best,

Till even the scaffold ¹⁰ echoes with their jest!

Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—

It may deceive all hearts, save that within.

Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now

A laughing wildness half unbent his brow : 1060

And these his accents had a sound of mirth,

As if the last he could enjoy on earth ;

Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
 Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

XIV.

“ Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
 “ To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
 “ Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
 “ But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
 “ But all I can, I will: at least, delay
 “ The sentence that remits thee scarce a day. 1070
 “ More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
 “ The vain attempt should bring but doom to both.”

“ Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerv'd to all,
 “ Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
 “ Tempt not thyself with peril—me with hope,
 “ Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope;
 “ Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
 “ The one of all my band that would not die?—
 “ Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
 “ 'Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs. 1080

“ My sole resources in the path I trod
“ Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God!
“ The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
“ And Man but works his will to lay me low.
“ I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
“ Wrung from the coward crouching of despair,
“ It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
“ My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
“ That might have better kept so true a brand;
“ My bark is sunk or captive—but my love— 1090
“ For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
“ Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
“ And this will break a heart so more than kind,
“ And blight a form—till thine appeared, Gulnare!
“ Mine eye ne’er ask’d if others were as fair?”

“ Thou lov’st another then?—but what to me
“ Is this—’tis nothing—nothing e’er can be:
“ But yet—thou lov’st—and—Oh! I envy those
“ Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
“ Who never feel the void—the wandering thought 1100
“ That sighs o’er visions—such as mine hath wrought.”

" Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom

" This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb."

" My love stern Seyd's? Oh—No—No—not my love—

" Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove

" To meet his passion—but it would not be.

" I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.

" I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,

" To share his splendour, and seem very blest!

" Oft must my soul the question undergo, 1110

" Of— Dost thou love?" and burn to answer ' No!'

" Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,

" And struggle not to feel averse in vain;

" But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,

" And hide from one—perhaps another there.

" He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—

" Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:

" And when he quits—it drops a lifeless weight

" From one I never loved enough to hate.

" No warmth these lips return by his imprest, 1120

" And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.

- " Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
 " The change to hatred were at least to feel :
 " But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
 " And oft when present—absent from my thought.
 " Or when reflection comes, and come it must—
 " I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
 " I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
 " 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
 " Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease! 1130
 " Or seek another and give mine release,
 " But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
 " Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,
 " Remember—captive! 'tis to break thy chain.
 " Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
 " To give thee back to all endear'd below;
 " Who share such love as I can never know.
 " Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away :
 " 'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!

XV.

- She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart, 1140
 And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,

And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred—shed for others' pain—
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield, 1150
To save—subdue—at once her spear and shield—
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

XVI.

'Tis morn—and o'er his alter'd features play 1160
The beams—without the hope of yesterday.—

What shall he be ere night ? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing :
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffened limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !—

END OF CANTO 11.

THE CORSAIR.

CANTO III.

“Come vedi—ancor non m’abbandona.”

DANTE.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun ;
Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright, 1170
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O’er the hush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O’er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.

Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse 1180
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's ¹¹ latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill— 1190
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before,
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;

The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who liv'd and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain, 1200

The queen of night asserts her silent reign.¹²

No murky vapour, herald of the storm,

Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;

With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,

There the white column greets her grateful ray,

And bright around with quivering beams beset

Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:

The groves of olive scattered dark and wide

Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,

The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque, 1210

The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,¹³

And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,

Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,

All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—

And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,

Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;

Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle, 1220
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.⁴

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain, 1230
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height—
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The wind was fair though light—and storms were none,

Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale 1240
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day had past
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate—on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wandered heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away :
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense— 1250
His very Sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and shattered boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought—
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence darkling each appeared to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate.

Something they would have said; but seemed to fear
 To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
 She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not— 1260
 Beneath that grief—that loneliness of lot—
 Within that meek fair form were feelings high,
 That deem'd not till they found their energy.
 While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flutter'd—wept—
 All lost—that softness died not—but it slept—
 And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
 “With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread.”
 'Tis more than nature's; like the burning might
 Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

“Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell 1270
 “What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
 “Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies
 “The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies?”
 “Lady! we know not—scarce with life we fled;
 “But here is one denies that he is dead:
 “He saw him bound; and bleeding—but alive.”
 She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—

So throb'd each vein—each thought—till then withstood;
Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued—
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave 1280
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:
Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew;
Awake her handmaids—with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve;
Then seek Anselmo's cavern to report
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange, 1290
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;
All, save repose or flight—still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;
Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led,
Will save him living, or appease him dead.
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.



Within the Haram's secret chamber sate
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate ;
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell, 1300
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell ;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind,
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,¹⁵
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

“ Pacha ! the day is thine ; and on thy crest
“ Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest !
“ His doom is fix'd—he dies—and well his fate 1310
“ Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate :
“ Methinks—a short release, for ransom told
“ With all his treasure, not unwisely sold ;
“ Report speaks largely of his pirate-board—
“ Would that of this my Pacha were the Lord !

“ While baffled—weakened by this fatal fray—
“ Watch’d—followed—he were then an easier prey ;
“ But once cut off—the remnant of his band
“ Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand.”

“ Guluare !—if for each drop of blood a gem 1320
“ Were offered rich as Stamboul’s diadem ;
“ If for each hair of his a massy mine
“ Of virgin ore should supplicating shine ;
“ If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
“ Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem !
“ It had not now redeem’d a single hour—
“ But that I know him fetter’d, in my power ;
“ And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
“ On pangs that longest rack—and latest kill.”

“ Nay, Seyd !—I seek not to restrain thy rage, 1330
“ Too justly moved for mercy to assuage ;
“ My thoughts were only to secure for thee
“ His riches—thus released, he were not free :
“ Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
“ His capture could but wait thy first command.”

- " His capture *could*!—and shall I then resign
" One day to him—the wretch already mine?
" Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
" Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
" That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood, 1340
" Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,
" No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,
" My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
" I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
" I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
" Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
" Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
" Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
" Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
" Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks; 1350
" Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
" 'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
" Another word and—nay—I need no more.
" Accursed was the moment when he bore
" Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
" I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
" Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
" Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?

“ In words alone I am not wont to chafe :

“ Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe !” 1360

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,

Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu :

Ah ! little reck’d that chief of womanhood—

Which frowns ne’er quell’d, nor menaces subdued ;

And little deem’d he what thy heart—Gulnare !

When soft could feel, and when incens’d could dare.

His doubts appear’d to wrong—nor yet she knew

How deep the root from whence compassion grew—

She was a slave—from such may captives claim

A fellow-feeling—differing but in name ; 1370

Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,

Again she ventured on the dangerous path,

Again his rage repell’d—until arose

That strife of thought—the source of woman’s woes !

VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same

Roll’d day and night—his soul could terror tame—

This fearful interval of doubt and dread,

When every hour might doom him worse than dead,

When every step that echoed by the gate,
Might entering lead where axe and stake await; 1380
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear;
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;
’Twas worn—perhaps decayed—yet silent bore
That conflict deadlier far than all before:
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;
But bound and fix’d in fettered solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood; 1390
To gaze on thine own heart—and meditate
Irrevocable faults—and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate and tell
To other ears that death became thee well;
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life’s latest scene with calumny;
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear; 1400

But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
 To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim ;
 The life thou leav'st below—denied above
 By kind monopolists of heavenly love,
 And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
 Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.
 Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
 And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain :
 And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill ?
 Since not to sink beneath, is something still ! 1410

VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare—
 The second—third—and still she came not there ;
 But what her words avouch'd, her charms had done,
 Or else he had not seen another sun.
 The fourth day roll'd along—and with the night
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling might :
 Oh ! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep ;
 And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
 Roused by the roar of his own element ! 1420

Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echoed on his ear,
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above—and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain. 1430
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and prayed
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
The storm roll'd onward and disdain'd to strike;
Its peal waxed fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door,
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more;
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key—
'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she! 1440

Whate'er her sins—to him a guardian saint,
 And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
 Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
 More pale her cheek—more tremulous her frame:
 On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
 Which spoke before her accents—"thou must die!"
 "Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
 "The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim 1449
 "What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same:
 "Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
 "And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
 "Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed
 "Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
 "Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
 "Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blind
 "To the fond workings of a woman's mind!
 "And must I say? albeit my heart rebel

"With all that woman feels, but should not tell— 1460

“ Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved—

“ It fear’d thee—thank’d thee—pitied—madden’d—loved.

“ Reply not—tell not now thy tale again,

“ Thou lov’st another—and I love in vain ;

“ Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,

“ I rush through peril which she would not dare.

“ If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,

“ Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here—

“ An outlaw’s spouse—and leave her lord to roam !

“ What hath such gentle dame to do with home ? 1470

“ But speak not now—o’er thine and o’er my head

“ Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread ;

“ If thou hast courage still, and would’st be free,

“ Receive this poignard—rise—and follow me !”

“ Ay—in my chains ! my steps will gently tread,

“ With these adornments, o’er each slumbering head !

“ Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight ?

“ Or is that instrument more fit for fight ?”

“ Misdoubting Corsair ! I have gain’d the guard,

“ Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward. 1480

- “ A single word of mine removes that chain :
“ Without some aid how here could I remain ?
“ Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
“ If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime :
“ The crime—’tis none to punish those of Seyd—
“ That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed !
“ I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
“ Wrong’d—spurn’d—reviled—and it shall be avenged—
“ Accus’d of what till now my heart disdain’d—
“ Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain’d. 1490
“ Yes, smile !—but he had little cause to sneer,
“ I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear—
“ But he has said it—and the jealous well,
“ Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
“ Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
“ I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
“ Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
“ I was a slave unmurmuring ; he hath said,
“ But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
“ ’Twas false thou know’st—but let such augurs rue, 1500
“ Their words are omens, Insult renders true.
“ Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer ;
“ This fleeting grace was only to prepare
“ New torments for thy life, and my despair.

- “ Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
“ Would fain reserve me for his lordly will :
“ When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
“ There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea !
“ What, am I then a toy for dotard’s play,
“ To wear but till the gilding frets away ? 1510
“ I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,
“ If but to shew how grateful is a slave.
“ But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
“ (And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife)
“ I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
“ Now I am all thine own—for all prepared—
“ Thou lov’st me not—nor know’st—or but the worst.
“ Alas ! this love—that hatred are the first—
“ Oh ! could’st thou prove my truth, thou would’st not start,
“ Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart, 1520
“ ’Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
“ It points within the port a Mainote prow :
“ But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
“ There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd !”
“ Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
“ My abject fortune—withered fame so low :

- “ Seyd is mine enemy : had swept my band
“ From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
“ And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
“ To smite the smiter with the scimitar ; 1530
“ Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
“ Who spares a woman’s seeks not slumber’s life—
“ Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—
“ Let me not deem that mercy shewn amiss.
“ Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast!
“ Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!”
“ Rest ! Rest ! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
“ And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
“ I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
“ If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee. 1540
“ My life—my love—my hatred—all below
“ Are on this cast—Corsair ! ’tis but a blow !
“ Without it flight were idle—how evade
“ His sure pursuit ? my wrongs too unrepaid,
“ My youth disgraced—the long—long wasted years,
“ One blow shall cancel with our future fears ;
“ But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
“ I’ll try the firmness of a female hand—

“ The guards are gain’d—one moment all were o’er—
“ Corsair ! we meet in safety or no more ; 1550
“ If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
“ Will hover o’er thy scaffold, and my shroud.”

IX.

She turn’d, and vanish’d ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye ;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued.
’Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led—nor lamp nor guard were there : 1560
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak ?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
He reached an open gallery—on his eye
Gleam’d the last star of night—the clearing sky—
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.

Towards it he moved, a scarcely closing door
 Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more. 1570
 With hasty step a figure outward past,
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis She at last!
 No poignard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
 "Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!"
 Again he looked, the wildness of her eye
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
 She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
 That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
 As if she late had bent her leaning head
 Above some object of her doubt or dread. 1580
 They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
 Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
 Its hue was all he saw—and scarce withstood—
 Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown—
 He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain—

But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
 From all his feelings in their inmost force— 1590
 So thrill'd—so shuddered every creeping vein
 As now they froze before that purple stain.
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
 Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
 Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
 It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

“ ’Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done—
 “ Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
 “ All words would now be vain—away—away!
 “ Our bark is tossing—’tis already day— 1600
 “ The few gain’d over, now are wholly mine,
 “ And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
 “ Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
 “ When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

XII.

She clapp’d her hands—and through the gallery pour,
 Equipp’d for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;

Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind ;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind !
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight— 1610
No words are uttered—at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore ;
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach ;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd ;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review ! 1620
Sunk he in contemplation—till the cape
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
He veil'd his face, and sorrowed as he past ;
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand ;

He thought on her afar, his lonely bride—
He turned and saw—Gulnare, the homicide! 1639

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him and his hand she prest,
"Thou may'st forgive though Alla's self detest;
"But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
"Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me *now*!
"I am not what I seem—this fearful night
"My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite! 1640
"If I had never loved—though less my guilt,
"Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt."

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,
They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.

Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
 Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck—
 A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck! 1650
 Their little bark her men of watch descry,
 And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;
 She bears her down majestically near,
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
 Booms harmless hissing to the deep below.
 Uprose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
 “ ’Tis mine—my blood-red flag—again—again—
 “ I am not all deserted on the main!” 1660
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
 “ ’Tis Conrad!—Conrad!” shouting from the deck,
 Command nor duty could their transport check!
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.

He—half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet, 1670
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
And feels he yet can conquer and command!

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;
They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they known
A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare; 1680
And her, at once above—beneath her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex.
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.
Though worse than phrenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate—in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less: 1690
 Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
 What she had done no tears can wash away,
 And heaven must punish on its angry day:
 But—it was done—he knew, whate'er her guilt,
 For him that poignard smote—that blood was spilt—
 And he was free!—and she for him had given
 Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
 And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave
 Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave, 1699
 Who now seemed changed and humbled:—faint and meek,
 But varying oft the colour of her cheek
 To deeper shades of paleness—all it's red
 That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!
 He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
 So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;
 He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his own
 Had lost it's firmness, and his voice it's tone.
 “Gulnare!”—but she replied not—“dear Gulnare!”
 She raised her eye—her only answer there—
 At once she sought and sunk in his embrace: 1710
 If he had driven her from that resting place,

His had been more or less than mortal heart,
 But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
 Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
 His latest virtue then had joined the rest.
 Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
 That asked from form so fair no more than this—
 The first—the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
 To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
 To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling, 1720
 As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing !

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle,
 To them the very rocks appear to smile,
 The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
 Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill discordant shriek,
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak !
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams, 1730
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, her's alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
With the first boat descends he for the shore, 1740
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge—bestrides the beach—and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.
He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within—and all was night around.
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply 1750
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;

He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refus'd to aid his heavy heart's demand.

The portal opens—'tis a well known face—

But not the form he panted to embrace.

Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,

And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;

He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—

It quits his grasp—expiring in the fall.

He would not wait for that reviving ray— 1760

As soon could he have lingered there for day;

But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,

Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor;

His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold

All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:

He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,

And know—but dare not own we gaze in vain!

In life itself she was so still and fair, 1770

That death with gentler aspect withered there;

And the cold flowers ¹⁶ her colder hand contain'd,
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow—
 And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
 Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse, 1780
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
 Yet—yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
 And wish'd repose—but only for a while;
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now 1790
 By the first glance on that still—marble brow.
 It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how?

The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest joy and tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once—and he deserv'd his fate,
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar:
The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below
Their joy—and find this earth enough for woe, 1800
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Hide hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid—not lost—
In smiles that least besit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, are ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none; 1810
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.

On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been: 1820
Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim—
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him—
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong—
Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long; 1830
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;—

Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
 But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
 Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
 If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
 Though dark the shade—it shelter'd,—saved till now.
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
 The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth : 1840
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
 Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell,
 And of its cold protector, blacken round
 But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
 Few dare—though now Anselmo sought his tower,
 He was not there—nor seen along the shore;
 Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er:
 Another morn—another bids them seek,
 And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ; 1850
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain—
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.

'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day—
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone— 1860
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

NOTES.

The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

Note 1, page 23, line 2.

“ Of fair Olympia lov'd and left of old.

Orlando, Canto 10.

Note 2, page 29, line 10.

Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke;

By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Note 3, page 33, line 1.

Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,

Coffee.

Note 4, page 33, line 3.

The long Chibouque's dissolving cloud supply,

Pipe.

Note 5, page 33, line 4.

While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy;

Dancing-girls.

Note 6, page 37, line 15.

"And my stern vow and order's laws oppose

The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Note 7, page 39, line 9.

They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!

Satan.

Note 8, page 40, line 8.

He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight,

A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's Memoirs, page 24. "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

Note 9, page 42, line 11.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,

Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the Pomegranate.

Note 10, page 53, line 13.

Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!

In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

Note 11, page 62, line 12.

That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!

Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Note 12, page 63, line 4.

The queen of night asserts her silent reign.

The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

Note 13, page 63, line 14.

The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,

The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of The-sus; between which and the tree the wall intervenes.—Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Note 14, page 64, line 4.

That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

The opening lines as far as section II. have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot in the Spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here if he can.

Note 15, page 68, line 9.

His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,

The Comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

Note 16, page 91, line 1.

And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,

In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

POEMS.

To a Lady weeping.

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay ;
Ah, happy ! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away !

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles ;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles !

March, 1812.

From the Turkish.

1.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserv'd the fate it found.

2.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

3.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

4.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

5.

When thou wert chang'd, they alter'd too ;
The chain is broke, the music mute :
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

SONNET.

To Genœva.

THINE eyes blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

SONNET.

To Geneva.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow :—
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but oh !
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow ;
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been :
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnotic'd all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

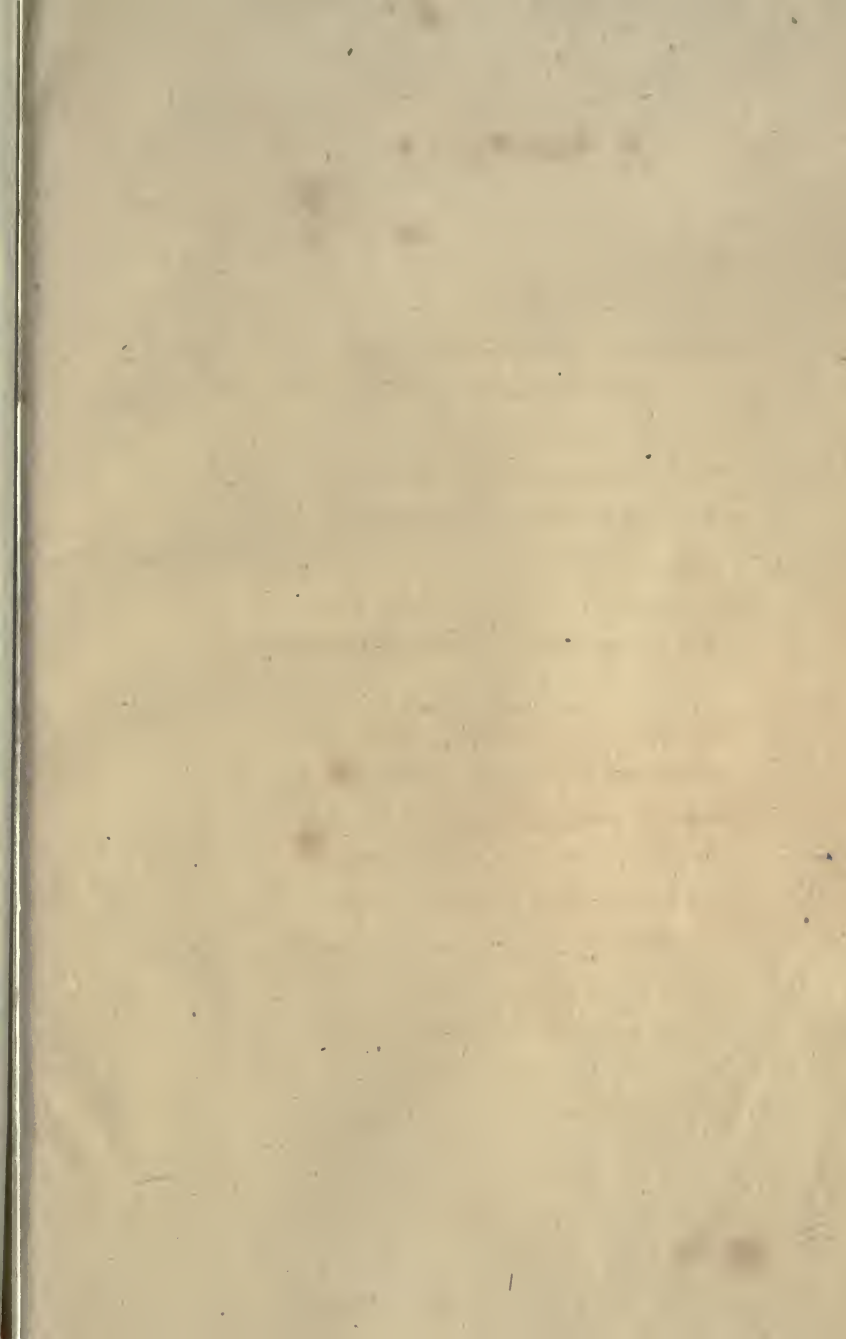
Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

Farewell.

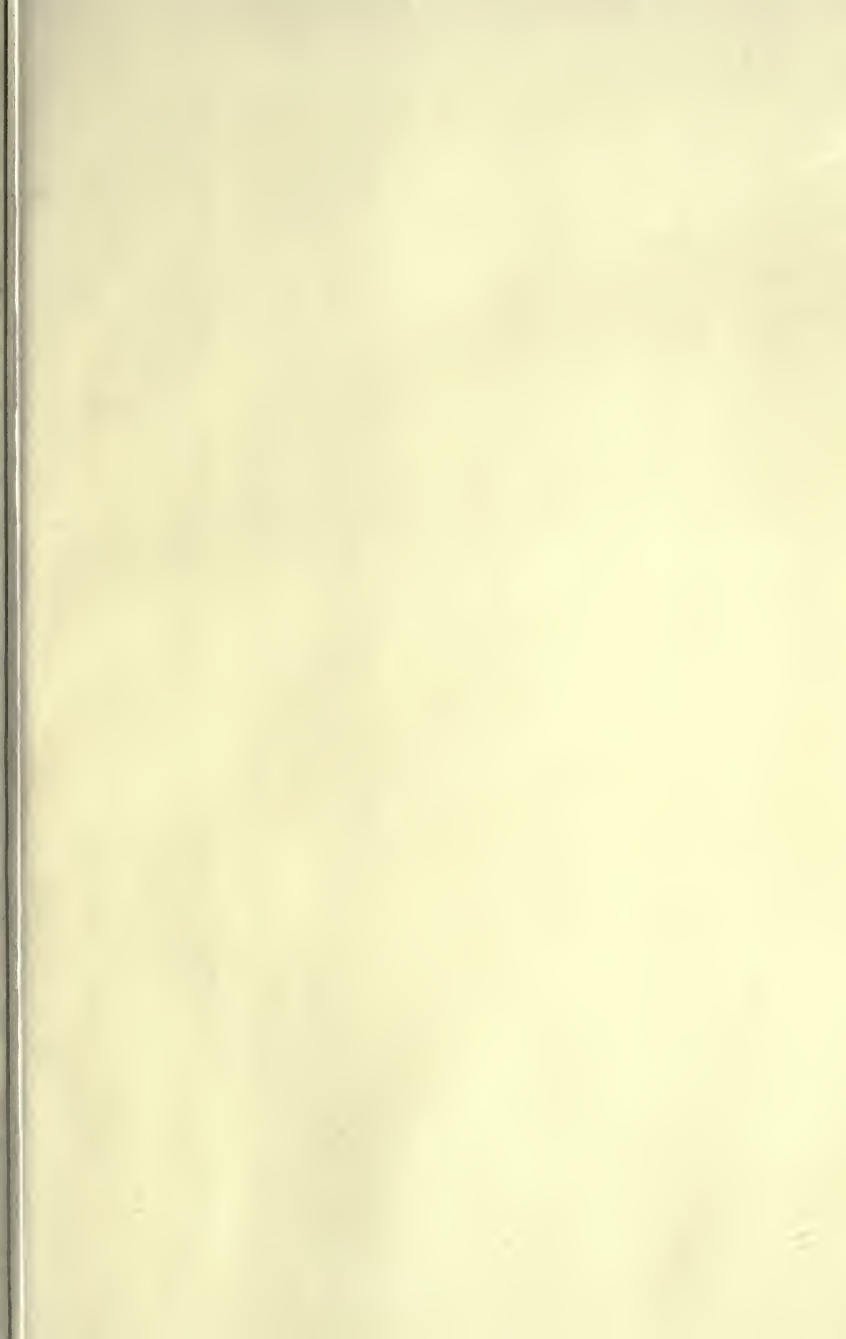
FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky,
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

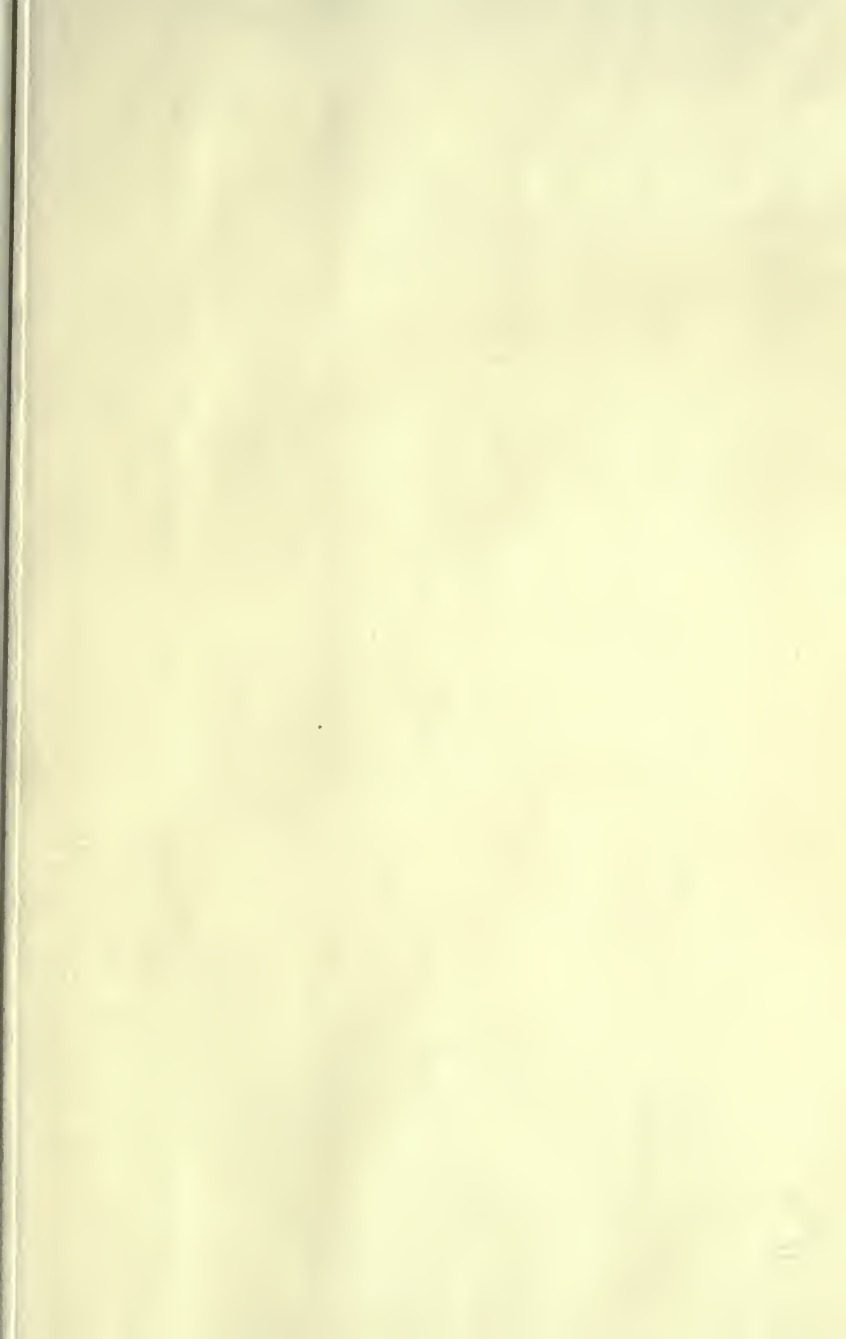
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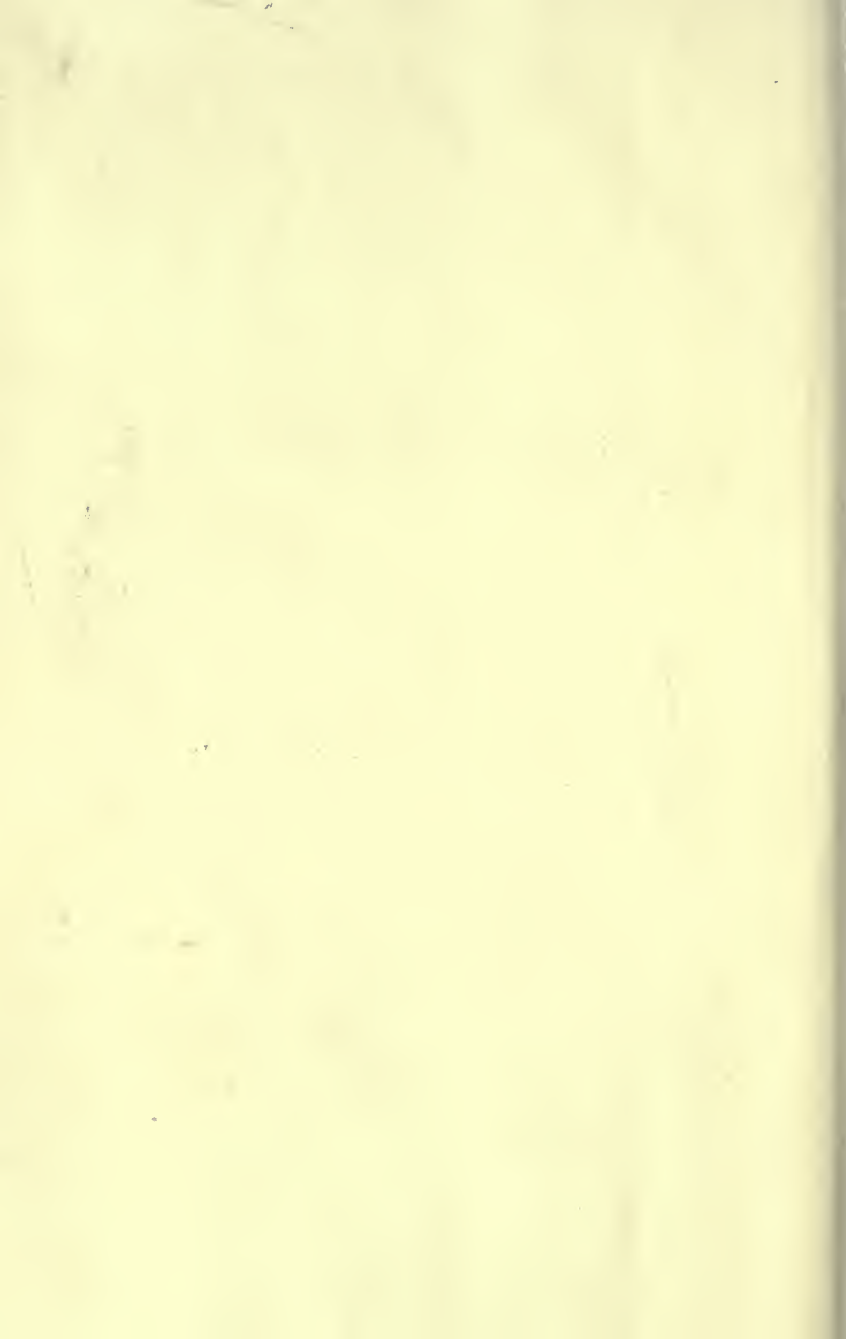












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